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REBECCA GRATZ - AN ANALYSIS OF THE LIFE AND ACTIVITY OF THE FOREMOST JEWESS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AS REFLECTED IN HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED SOURCE MATERIALS

by

Leonard I. Beerman

Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Hebrew Letters degree and the title of Rabbi.

Referee:

Dr. Jacob R. Marcus

April, 1949

For Martha

With Love.

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L. I. B.

INTRODUCTION

The years marking the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth were turbulent ones for a young struggling United States of America. Nine out of ten Americans lived on farms, raising small crops, barely feeding their own families. Three percent of the four million people of America lived in its six largest cities: Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Charleston, Baltimore and Salem. The country was small to be sure, but distances seemed greater then. It took Washington four days to travel from Mt. Vernon to Philadelphia and it was a three day journey from Philadelphia to New York. There was plenty of living space and it was still romantic to talk of that great area of land lying west of the Allegheny Mountains. Although Kentucky had become a state in 1792, Pittsburgh was still considered the last citadel of civilization and it was only a stockade. The amorphous population of the west was beginning to take shape. It was there the pioneer spirit had vitality and the sweet odor of democracy was untainted by any tangible vested interest. Huge areas of land, to be sure, were controlled by eastern

speculators, but the possession of land in itself was no yardstick of wealth. Even those who did not live directly from the soil had to be daring. The difficulties of the terrain, the sporadic attacks of the Indians made no distinction between merchant and farmer.

In the east the cities were bustling with activity and a young nation was beginning to take on flesh. Philadelphia was a major center of business and cultural activity, its population was more varied in racial stocks than that of New York and its interests were more diversified. Philadelphia was the home of religious dissent. It was alive with political, social and intellectual ferment. It had more small tradesmen, more schoolmasters, more music teachers than any other city of that time.[1]

It was very proud of its culture and always intellectually astir, on friendly terms with all of the fine arts. Great fortunes were being made. When the title of western lands passed from the crown to the newly formed republic, Philadelphia merchants took the lead in land speculation, and with the establishment of the National Bank the

city was the financial capital of the country.[2]

The Gratz brothers, Barnard and Michael, were old hands in the business of speculation. That there was a great romance in this enterprise could not be denied, as Washington Irving described it, many years later:

> "There are moral as well as physical phenomena incident to every state of things, which may at first appear evils, but which are devised by an all-seeing Providence for some beneficent purpose. Such is the spirit of speculative enterprise which now and then rises to an extravagant height, and sweeps throughout the land...The late land speculations, so much deprecated, though ruinous to many engaged in them, have forced agriculture and civilization into the depths of the wilderness; have laid open the recesses of primeval forests; have made us acquainted with the most available points of our immense interior; have cast the germs of future towns and cities and busy marts in the heart of savage solitudes, and studded our vast rivers and internal seas with ports that will soon give activity to a vast internal commerce. Millions of acres which might otherwise have remained idle and impracticable wastes, have been brought under the dominion of the plough, and hundreds of thousands of industrious yeomen have been carried into the rich but remote depths of our immense empire, to multiply and spread out in every direction, and give solidity and strength to our confederacy. All this has in a great measure been effected by the extravagant schemes of land speculators."[3]

The Gratz brothers, rightly called "merchant

venturers" found their business interests brought them into contact with the daring land speculators and traders of their time. There were great pressures from within the eastern states for expansion westward. The complaint was frequently heard and repeated, as by the prominent Indian trader Samuel Wharton, that there was hardly any vacant land left in the "Middle Colonies", New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, except such as was monopolized by the great landholders for the purpose of selling at a high price. The poor people of these colonies could not pay the prices. It was therefore important for the large areas of the west to be opened, but "under the management of men with sufficient funds to do it in an orderly way."[4] Barnard and Michael Gratz, Wharton, George Croghan and Joseph Simon of Lancaster, became familiar names in the history of this expansion.

Michael Gratz settled in Lancaster for a while and married the daughter of Joseph Simon in 1769. The marriage appeared to encourage an already established business relationship, but this was comparatively short-lived. The competition was keen; the methods used were not always of a savory

nature and the conflict arising between the Gratz brothers and Michael's father-in-law eventually led to a parting of the ways.

The union of Miriam Simon and Michael Gratz was much more successful than the business partnership, for it resulted in the birth of twelve children, two of whom died in infancy. On the remaining five sons and five daughters (Simon, Hyman, Joseph, Jacob, Benjamin, Frances, Richea, Rachel, Sarah and Rebecca) Rebecca came to be the most prominent of them all. It is she who is the subject of this study.

CHAPTER I

> "What cannot letters inspire. They have souls; they can speak; they have in them all that force which expresses the transports of the heart; they have all the fire of our passions. They can raise them as much as if the persons themselves were present. They have all the tenderness and the delicacy of speech, and sometimes even a boldness of expression beyond it. Letters were first invented for consoling such solitary wretches as myself!...Having lost the substantial pleasures of seeing and possessing you, I shall in some measure compensate this loss by the satisfaction I shall find in your writing. There I shall read your most sacred thoughts."
>
> From the letters of Heloise to Abelard

* * *

Rebecca Gratz was born on March 4, 1781. We know very little of her early years. Even in Philadelphia, the most progressive city in the new nation, education facilities were few. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania was still in its inchoate stage of development and while the constitution of 1790 provided for the establishment of public schools, it was some years after the childhood of Rebecca Gratz that this provision could be carried into effect. In spite of the paucity of information, however, there are a number of reasonable assumptions one can make. Her letters display

an erudition which, if not the result of formal education was nonetheless an accomplished fact. Her avid interest in the culture of her own time; her intimate acquaintance with the literary treasures of the past and her amazing ability to quote from the masters of literature at length -- all these are revealed in no uncertain evidence. Her style of writing, occasionally strange, in comparison with modern standards, is rich and colorful, filled with a pleasant combination of humor and pathos. One might wish that with all the advantages of modern education letters such as these could be written in our own time.

The wide business contacts of her father brought Rebecca and the entire Gratz household into touch with the dominant figures of their time. Michael Gratz, a merchant prince, was himself prominent in Philadelphia society. Men in all walks of life frequented the Gratz home on Chestnut Street, and Rebecca no doubt listened with a greedy ear to their avid descriptions of life beyond the Allegheny Mountains, of the huge forest areas of Pennsylvania, and of ships which had come from the China seas.

Rebecca, at an early age, came to know and

appreciate the advantages of wealth. Not that the Gratz's displayed their financial success ostentatiously, but their house was always comfortable and nothing was denied their children. They travelled frequently to summer resorts where Rebecca displayed her talent for making new friends. Travel was rather difficult in these times and whereas friendships could easily be made, they were difficult to maintain, for they could not always be refreshed by constant meeting. Letters came to be a necessary part of ones social existence. They served, in a much larger sense than in recent times, as a bond between friends or the scattered members of one's family.

Life in Philadelphia was spirited and usually exciting. There were all types of parties and balls for young people. Philadelphia was most infamous for its tea parties. The tea party was a test for one's ability in the art of conversation and the pun was the type of humor one sought to develop.[1]

Rebecca was brought up in the midst of such an environment, the fifth child in a family of ten. By late adolescence she appears to have been intellectually advanced for her years. She was caught up

in this maelstrom of social activity and in the concerns of young people in beaux, manners of dress and speech, but she seems to have clouded them with an intellectual aura all her own. The first real love of her life was not, as to be expected, for a man, but for a young woman.

As early as 1797 we find a record of the correspondence of Rebecca Gratz and Maria Fenno.[2] A close friendship had sprung up between them. Although Maria lived in New York, she was a frequent visitor to Philadelphia and was often a guest in the Gratz home. The winter of 1797 was a gay one for sixteen year old Rebecca Gratz. The city was recovering from one of its periodic afflictions, (probably yellow fever) but as Rebecca pointed out, one "could feel the most generous sympathy for those who were afflicted without depriving themselves of pleasure."[3] Yes, she was right. The mind of a young girl could be cheerful without being depraved, and though engaged in the pursuit of pleasure could retain its virtue.[4]

This is the first record of the correspondence of these two young women. With each letter their association became more intimate until the bond

between them seemed indissoluble. They met on infrequent occasions, usually in the summer months, and the relationship between them grew increasingly interdependent. There was no joy or sorrow which these two did not share together. Each revealed the secret whispers of her heart. By pen and quill every happy scene was constantly renewed, relived, and mentally recalled. All the turbulence of adolescence is revealed in this correspondence, the fears, the happiness, and the melancholy are all intertwined. Rebecca, with the passage of time, became more and more dependent upon these letters. It was as though she constantly demanded and needed the expression of Maria's affection for her. Everything good and pleasant and beautiful in her experiences she associated with Maria. The flower blooming, the tree shedding its leaves, a sunny day in the country, a walk through the colorful streets of Philadelphia; these reminded her of Maria. The restless nights, the troubled sleep, these disturbances could be calmed by thoughts of Maria. Every word that passed between them is repeated, like a story told to an infant. And she read Maria's letters over and over again, as if the

letters had a soul of their own. Each Sunday she wrote to her "dearest friend" nervously waiting for a letter in return during the week.

> "I can very well realize your feelings my dear girl on the separation from your friends and send a corresponding sigh of regret for each that escapes you. Indeed you cannot feel our loss more sensibly that we do yours. Every day calls to mind some happy scenes we passed with you accompanied by the unpleasant recollection that many miles divide us."[5]

> "I am happy to hear you are better pleased with New York. I hope you will become partial to it. Yet my dear, I know not why. I would rather you should prefer Philadelphia. However it matters not where we reside. Happiness is not confined to any particular spot and to know you possess it will contribute to mine, in spite of distance. Yet I will not say I feel reconciled to the idea of our separation, but must yield to necessity. I argue strangely on the subject with myself and it generally adds little to my satisfaction. But your letters put me in good humour. Last night when I went to my chamber, I felt no inclination to sleep and as I felt lonesome I unlocked my trunk where I keep my letters and amused myself reading them. Unmindful of the hour until the watchman called two. I found one written when you were in Boston. I cannot tell you with what pleasure I read it. You describe some beautiful situations in New England and the pleasure you felt in visiting your native town--but what gratified me particularly was a sigh amid all those enjoyments for the society of your Philadelphia friends, among whom you mention our dear Sally Caldwell. You recollect Maria at that time we were constantly together and on your return your intimacy with her increased. How blissful was I then

in two such friends. Sally loved me better for introducing her to my Maria and I was proud to possess the affection of two women I thought the most amiable in the world. At that time Maria I would not have thanked anybody to have told me the sad reverse a few years would bring forth. Alas, now I am deprived of the society of both."[6]

"Whether at home or abroad, Sunday morning is devoted to my friend. In conversing with her I forget distance and every scene that excites admiration is rendered more pleasing by communicating it to her. Sally Cohen came here with me on Friday afternoon. Yesterday morning we took a book and resolved to find a retired spot to peruse it in. We directed our course towards the wood on the right of the meadow and after walking some distance arrived at a spot that attracted our admiration. It was in the thickest part of the wood. Two large trees with remarkable spreading branches under which we placed a couple of large flat stones afforded us a pleasant seat... the idea of my dearest Maria soon followed me to this seat and I proposed to Sally to make a visit there this morning take a knife and carve the names of my friends on the tree which would render the place more dear to me...I remember with delight the day we rambled near this wood together and the conversation which passed...Ah my dearest Maria I little thought how soon we were to be separated."[7]

"On Wednesday I am going to Bloomfield, not to gather wild flowers with my friend but to mark the contrast that must appear in everything in her absence. I will go through the meadow to retrace the scenes which last May excited the most enthusiastic sensations and as the best substitute for Maria's

> conversation I will carry her letter with me (for I think tomorrow or Tuesday must bring one). Should I not be so fortunate memory will be faithful to all that is passed, and I shall at least find gratification there. You cannot imagine Maria how poor I feel - without you I am nothing and when you withhold your letters I seek in vain to furnish a --- with anything either entertaining or interesting."[8]

Maria Fenno appears to have led a very gay life. New York was a rising commercial port, soon to eclipse Philadelphia, and attracting young men anxious to advance in the world of affairs. If, at the turn of the century, it was wanting in intellectual and literary stimulus, it was not lacking in commercial ambitions, or in spirited young men who were caught up in the throes of economic expansion. Many of these gentlemen were attracted to the daughter of John Fenno, Hamilton's editor. The delightfulness of her company, the beauty of form and temperament -- the qualities discerned by Rebecca were also being sought out by the eligible bachelors of New York. Rebecca's experiences were limited to a much smaller circle, and she seemed to derive a vicarious pleasure from her friend's social life, constantly demanding that every aspect of it be accounted for in the letters.

"Nothing delights me more than the descriptions of your pleasures. Continue my love to favour me with an account of them," she wrote.[9] But she became more frequently troubled, fearing Maria was too easily pleased and too easily disappointed. Her letters would alternate between praise and warning.

> "In dreams as well as in waking thoughts I often enjoy your society. In the former I see you in a new situation, in the latter retrace former times.
>
> "Who ever left her company displeased except with themselves? They who may have been neglected by her will not censure her. While they who may have attracted her attention will be disposed to harmonize with all the world."[10]

> "Strange things happen every day Maria in which we may read the world - but attempt not to comprehend that mighty book; the knowledge would not repay your trouble... to live in ignorance of the world is I think to live happily and every advancement we make costs us dear - you are surprised at my running on thus and do not recognize my inward temper - but my love I am not changed - the sometimes --- by what I see and hear. But you are always satisfied and I fervently pray may never have occasion to be otherwise - and I too am satisfied and happy now. One moment draws my mind from unpleasant objects of fickle changing natures and presents Maria to my view. Had I fifty other friends who would all desert me, Maria's love would make amends for it and

> hugging her closer to my heart, thank Heaven for the great Blessing left...
>
> "Your heart you say is safe and will be until you take pains to lose it. Take care it does not give you the slip without your permission for when it has once found a resting place in another bosom it will not return to yours tho you plead with sighs and tears - therefore Maria before you part with your own good heart gain another, or rather exchange it for its equal if one such can be found...do not put too much confidence in its present security. They often prove cheats and gain the mastery over judgment, reason, and all those sage advisers which inhabit the head and give lessons much oftener than they are attended to by this said unaccountable self directed heart."[11]

Men seemed to move in and out of Maria's life and there were times, in between their appearance, when she entertained fears of becoming an "Old Maid." Rebecca chided her for this, assuring her at the same time that if fate prevented them from marrying they could be happy still in their own "faithful tender friendship."

> "I thought Beaux were more plenty in New York - the loss of them however ought not give rise to the idea you mention. You were never designed for an Old Maid and tho the crowd which on your first appearance in the city gathers around you has dispersed, there may yet be a man of worth and taste who will discover in the beautiful Maria more valuable qualities than those which at first attracted so

> many - you have lived long enough in the world my dear girl to discover that a handsome woman has often more admirers than friends - those who seek only a face will be but transient acquaintances, but those who will take the pains to --- mind are more lasting. When such a man shall be introduced he will discover the united perfections that distinguish my --- and when I am moved to witness such a conquest I will bring your last letter with me and you shall laugh my dear at the hermits throwing aside her grave notions, the solitary young Lady becoming the happiest character in the social world - but Maria if fate does not chance to lead us to that circle (for at present our situations are similar, our age the same) we will be happy still, and in a faithful tender friendship find a substitute for love, or a consolation for its tricks - should we either of us at the age of sixty have reason to complain of its treachery."[12]

However limited Rebecca's social life may have been, Philadelphia was alive with culture, books, music, painting, actors and plays, the latter having survived, Quaker attempts notwithstanding.[13] Philadelphia was the home of clever writers, filled with literary enthusiasm. These young men were frequently to be found at the great house on Chestnut Street. Joseph Dennie, a successful lawyer and essayist, had come down from Boston in 1799 and two years later established The Port Folio. This publication became the chief literary

magazine in America with Dennie at its head and kindred spirits contributing to it. For Rebecca, Samuel Ewing, son of a prominent Philadelphia physician, was infinitely the most talented and valuable writer on the magazine. His name appears frequently in her letters to Maria. He was a familiar figure at the Gratz home, but nothing in these letters indicates more than just a friendly relationship. Dennie and Ewing were quite adept at character studies and entertained the young set of the city with their penetrating analyses. It was a kind of a parlor game that they played. Ewing's pseudonym, Jacques, was familiar to the tongue of every young lady, and whether these two, Dennie and Ewing, delved into the personality of the social set or jokingly extolled the virtues of bachelorhood made little difference to Rebecca and the others; it was forever appealing. She frequently quoted from the two of them in her letters to Maria and her sister, Eliza Fenno.

> "I do remember an old bachelor
> And here about he dwells, whom late I noted
> In suit of sables with a care-worn brow
> Conning his books and meager were his looks
> Celibacy had worn him to the bones
> And in his silent parlors hung a coal

The which the moths had used not less than he
Four chairs one table and an old hair trunk
Made up his furniture, and on his shelves
A green clad candle stick a broken ring
Two tumblers and a box of old cigars
Remnants of volumes once in some repute
Were thinly scattered round to tell the eye
Of prying stranger, this man had no wife
His tattered elbows gaped most pitiously
And ever as he turned around his skin
Did thro his stocking peep upon the day
Noting his gloom unto myself I said
And if a man did covet single life
Careless of joys that matrimony gives
Here lives a gloomy wretch would shew it him
In such most dismal colours, that the shrew
Or slut, or idiot, or the gossip wife
Were each a Heaven compared with such a life
But this same thought does not forfeit my need
Nor shall this Bachelor tempt me to wed
As I remember, this should be the house
Being Sabbath noon - the outer door is shut."[14]

Some contend[15] that Rebecca and Samuel Ewing were in love, and would have married had not one been a Jewess and the other a Christian. But to Maria, in whom she confided her inmost feelings, she did not reveal a love for the popular poet. An element of objectivity can be observed in her characterization of Ewing. She admitted that he was somewhat romantic, at times entertaining, and possessing qualities which she considered admirable.

"...but I imagine anybody would dispense with that quality (patience) in a mind so elegant as Jacques which could not be improved, tho it might be happier with less ardency of feeling, but the morality sensibility and genius which he discovers certainly has great claims to our admiration. I think him infinitely the most valuable poetical writer in the Portfolio. He continues to visit us as usual."[16]

"He (S. Ewing) called to see us this morning - the first time he has been out for a week past, being ill of an intermittent fever. He has some thoughts of going to the springs. The girls will find him an agreeable sensible companion, as they are both great favorites. He is you know an eccentric character, rather romantic, but at times very entertaining, particularly when he meets with women of good understanding..and his writings prove him a man of genius."[17]

But no man could compensate for Maria in her life. When sadness and melancholy weighed on Rebecca's heart, as it so frequently did, her thoughts would turn to Maria.

"When my spirits are uncommonly depressed, I fly to my desk, and in reading over the effusions of Maria's friendship forget the sorrows that press on my mind. All yesterday afternoon was spent in that way. I was reading Johnson's Lives of the Poets but not feeling interested recollected that my letters wanted arranging, so out they all came. In looking for dates I

> could not refold them unread and thus when evening came I was obliged to leave them in greater confusion than before. But no matter, I shall cheat another gloomy day by putting them in order, and I forsee that I shall have many before the summer is gone.
>
> "You will ask, what is the matter now? Really Maria I cannot tell, but I believe it is the fault of my disposition if nothing occurs to give me either joy or sorrow, I must create it for myself and my mind is not fitted for the former - that I must receive from you, and indeed my whole soul partakes of all that you experience."[18]

And then late in the summer of 1802, at the time when the yellow fever epidemic had reached Philadelphia and filled the city with turmoil, the shock came. The family was making preparations to move, even though the disease had not yet reached their section of the city. The brothers were to remain behind because of their concern with business, but they insisted that everyone else in the family leave and move to the country.[19] In the midst of this excitement and worry came the sudden report that Maria was planning to marry. Rebecca knew that she had been a guest at the Hoffman home in New Jersey, but never did the thought enter her mind that Maria and

Josiah Ogden Hoffman, the prominent New York jurist, could possibly marry. Her first reaction was one of contempt. All the years of their intimacy were suddenly broken, and almost reflexively she felt lost and alone. The crutch she had leaned on was gone and promised to another. In a moment of torment she poured out her utter disappointment in a way that was shocking even to herself, when she paused to reflect a few hours after dispatching a letter to Maria. She realized the horror of her mistake and rushed to her desk a second time. Maria would have so many problems, marrying a widower with children. At a moment in time, when she had been filled with the first flush of joy at the realization of the long-awaited prospect of marriage, her dearest friend, Rebecca, with whom she had shared every experience, was not pleased, and had no word of congratulations to offer. But the first letter Rebecca wrote reflected her true feelings; the second was a somewhat pathetic rationalization of them.

> "Do you not despise me, my Maria, for the selfish, ungrateful letter I wrote you on Wednesday? When in the confidence of ardent friendship you communicated your

happiness, to one whose heart you thought so tenderly interested, to receive such an answer where congratulations and a sisterly participation in all your feelings were alone due.

"My friend, my Maria, forgive me, this is not the first time the impetuosity of my nature has given you pain, but never before did my heart reproach me with ingratitude to its best friend. The emotion was involuntary and arose from the excess of my affection - but it was unworthy and did not live an hour. Before the letter reached you I was punished for my crime, and your mild amiable answer where I merited severe reproof, has made a deep impression.

"God bless thee Maria! Mayst thou be truly happy and thy H. prove all thy soul could desire in this world. Indeed I feel assured of his worth and am most happy in the prospect of your felicity. I will love him; he shall be my Brother, the husband of Maria will be dear to the heart of her Becky. But have a care my dear Girl, you say you have shown him some of my letters - that may be a just way of introducing me to him for there has never been any disguise in my communications to you - every sentiment or opinion as it occurred to my mind has been thrown on your mercy. It was a pleasure ever to be corrected by you, but to a stranger, a man of sense, taste and experience, how many follies and inconsistancies and errors must be conspicuous which partiality has rendered you blind to. However, take your own way; make him esteem me, if you can, for you have already gained him a large share of mine...There is no danger that Mr. H's children will be any impediment to your happiness. I have heard Aunt speak of them as well instructed and amiable - your own heart will teach you how to conduct yourself toward them, and when did its dictates ever err? Gain an interest in the hearts of the children - and they will be charming companions for you, you will be like an elder sister to them and your H. will

> love you more, for every mark of kindness bestowed on them...I am a foolish girl and such a contradiction never was in human nature - my heart palpitates as violently as yours will tomorrow evening - I feel happy - not melancholy - one moment in humble gratitude give thanks to God for the accomplishment of my fervent wish and the next dissolve in tears and sigh out Maria's name...God Bless you my love - I would not be as severely charged by you as I am by my own heart for the world. Remember me affectionately to your best friend and assure yourself of the sincerity of your Rebecca Gratz."[20]

She was hurt, to be sure, and hurt deeply. Her own immature reaction to the situation hurt her more. But she was possessed with a great amount of resiliency and she determined to adjust herself to this new state of affairs, this new relationship that must now replace the old. She was wounded again when Maria married without informing her of the date, completely forgetting the pledge they had made as youngsters and renewed in subsequent years--to be bridesmaids at each other's weddings.

> "How could you ask if I was offended at your not keeping your promise, to have been present at that period would have been perhaps too great happiness. It was enough to know that you were really in possession of all you wished... In

> June the period seemed too distant that a renewal of that promise was exacted because it appeared the only occasion that could again bring me to New York perhaps the first that would give me the pleasure of embracing my friend. But with whatever motive the promise was made certain it is when it was broken the only thing I thought of was your happiness, and until you put me in mind of it, I forgot that I ought to be hurt - but now that you are prepared for a few airs -- pray what is the reason you did not even let me know the day or month or year you intended to disappoint me."[21]

She hoped somehow their correspondence might continue with the same fervor but she saw Maria becoming involved in the affairs of married life, the letters appearing with less frequency, and when Maria complains of "being lazy", Rebecca writes assuring her of her continued affection: "Our attachment is formed of principles too solid to be destroyed by circumstances. It is a part of my nature to love you, nor could I divest myself of my affection for you any more than I could for my sister. It was not girlish vanity that sought gratification by continual intercourse, but a tender interest that is equally strong towards Maria Hoffman as it was to Maria Fenno."[22]

But something was gone from her life which could never be replaced. Not that her friendship for Maria ever passed away. On the contrary it

lasted as long as Maria lived, reflecting itself in Rebecca's constant concern for her and her children.[23] When Maria was making plans for the education of her step-daughter, Matilda, it was Rebecca who recommended Mrs. Greland's school in Philadelphia, and when Matilda became a student there, Rebecca and her brothers would visit her three times a week, making periodic reports to her mother about her progress and her health.[24] It was through Maria and Judge Hoffman that Rebecca became friendly with Washington Irving who later became a regular guest in the Gratz home.

But there was a certain amount of bitterness in Rebecca's heart. Even Samuel Ewing, whom she had praised so highly before, irritated her, as she confides to Eliza Fenno.

> "The poet spent last evening with us, but was so lost in his own meditations that we derived no benefit and little pleasure from his society - the only sentence he articulated with energy was 'Eliza Fenno is a charming Girl'. We walked and it was our ill fortune to be companions - I thought of the delightful walk we took together at Troy and recollected your deserved praise of your inestimable Brother by which time we got to the end of ours to my no small satisfaction."[25]

She wrote to Eliza more frequently now and as

weeks passed her letters became filled with a lighter touch and strong dash of charm.

> "Is it possible Eliza you could ever dream that you came to Philadelphia and were not welcomed in the open arms of friendship?... This seems the age of dreams. An old Dutchman in Germantown dreamt last summer that there would be an earthquake that would swallow Philadelphia and its vicinity for thirteen miles around. On the day preceding the one appointed for this destruction the good people, thus warned of their danger, fled many miles beyond the fated bounds and waited there till finding their houses still stood firm on their foundations they began to suspect that monstrous dream was not prophetic.
>
> "Thus too an apothecary for three successive nights dreamed that a ticket in the Lottery drew a high price and on repairing to the office to purchase this fortunate number found it belonged to my Brother, and the whole town assures him he is to have the price with as much certainty as tho it were already his."[26]

Yes, she could talk of dreams, for she knew them well. But August, 1802, the month in which Maria Fenno married, was not a dream; it was the end of an era in the life of Rebecca Gratz. The picture fades, becomes blurred, then comes into focus again. A new Rebecca emerges. It is the beginning of a new era.

CHAPTER II

"If we can teach the heart of the children to seek God, there is no doubt that their lives will be improved."

Rebecca Gratz to Miriam Moses,
May 20, 1838

* * *

Philadelphia bristled with old-wives' tales and old mens' legends. The past seemed to linger there longer than anywhere else, in spite of recent enterprise. But there was also a good sprinkling of new ideas; it was the least provincial spot in America. Yet, strangely enough, it stood and watched, open-mouthed, the ascendency of New York. It was not a period of decay; it was just one of inanition. A young woman like Rebecca Gratz could still find much to busy her days, and she learned, without knowing it, that productive work is a good solution to many of the problems of young people.

At first blush, one might think the Gratz family to be a completely assimilated one. They moved freely in gentile society, counting soldiers, statesmen and writers among their intimate friends, all of them familiar figures in their home. The Philadelphia Jewish community was small, perhaps no more than 500 in number at the turn of the century. But the Jews of Philadelphia

in addition to suffering along with the rest of the nation had also profited during the Revolutionary War. Gershom Mendes Seixas had taken refuge in their city and had become rabbi of the congregation which was officially to be called Mikveh Israel in 1782. Under such leadership the Jewish community prospered, so that with all their non-Jewish affiliations, religion came to play a dominant role in the Gratz household. A glance at the minute books of Mikveh Israel indicates quite clearly how active the Gratz's were in the congregation. Michael, Rebecca's father, was an elector, one of the trustees, serving on the board under the leadership of Jonas Phillips, and his home reflected his ardent attachment to his faith. It was a strictly observant home and at an early age, by the force of environment alone, a love and an attachment for Judaism developed in the heart of Rebecca Gratz. There were twin factors which served to shape her life and the formation of her character -- a love for her well-knit family, and a devotion to her faith. With these two she could withstand any burden, sorrow or disappointment. It was the recognition of these values that marked the beginning of a new era in her life.

She and the rest of the members of the family had found their friends among Jews and gentiles alike.

When her mother died in the fall of 1808, it was their Christian neighbor, Mrs. George Meredith, who had written the most touching note of all in expressing her sympathy. It had come in poetic form:

"Forbear my friends, nor longer grieve in vain
Nor wish thy sainted parent here again.
Her scene of life and tumult, now is o'er
Her spirit feels no pain or sorrow more.
Removed from earth to endless joy above
In realms of light, where saints and angels move.
Her spotless soul with confidence could rise
To meet its just rewards mid kindred skies'
And burst the fetters of this mortal clay
To share the glories of eternal day!
Then cease my friends, nor longer dare repine
The pow'r which wakes thy sorrow is divine!
Oh! imitate the Saint you now deplore
That thus prepares afflictions keenest
To heal the mind and purify the heart.
Nor doubt that, still, on this life's stormy sea
His gracious eye protects and watches thee.
Nor think, because of thy best guide bereft
Thou hast no joy, nor hope, nor comfort left.
If to the "pure of heart" all bliss is given
Thy lot my friends, is surely fixed in heav'n
Then cease to mourn, thy selfish grief is vain
It can't reanimate the dead again.
Thy Mother rests from earthly trouble free
Her happy spirit still may cling to thee!
May wish thee blessings from her high above
And mediate 'twixt her children and their God!
Then cheer and like thy pious parent be
In duty steadfast and from murmuring free,
Wait the dread mandate of death's awful call
That will in better Worlds unite us all."[1]

There were frequent stresses and strains in these congenial attachments. While friendships could be formed with non-Jews, Rebecca learned how disastrous to family ties intermarriage could be. Her Aunt Shinah, daughter

of Joseph Simon of Lancaster, had married Nicholas Schuyler, and in so doing had been disowned by her father. It was only during her father's deathly illness that this prodigal daughter could return to the family circle.

Rebecca's oldest brother Simon, her sisters Fanny, Richea, and later Rachel, had married into prominent Jewish families of their day. But her younger brother, Benjamin, to whom she considered herself a mother, especially after the death of their father in 1811, was persuaded by his brothers to handle the family business interests in the west. He left Philadelphia in 1818 and eventually settled in Lexington, Kentucky. There he fell in love with Maria Gist whose step-father, Charles Scott, was governor of the state. The problem of intermarriage was not one to give young Ben Gratz much concern. He contended with the many suitors for Maria Gist's hand and won out over them all. Maria was known to Rebecca and the rest of the family through a visit she paid to Philadelphia a few years before, and while Rebecca had found her to be charming, "a girl of good sense" and cultivated mind,[2] the announcement of her marriage to Ben disturbed her. She had an inherent prejudice against such marriages, as she confided to Maria Fenno Hoffman:

> "I do not know whether you, my dearest friend, can comprehend my feelings on this subject - yet you know my opinions and have witnessed their influence on my conduct thro' life. I hope mine is not a narrow creed. My most cherished friends and the companions of my choice have generally been worshippers of a different faith from mine--and I have not loved them less on that account. But in a family connection I have always thought conformity of religious opinions essential, and therefore could not approve my brother's election. In other respects Miss Gist is a woman any family might be proud to receive. And as they have resolved to blend their fate I most sincerely hope they may find the means to worship God faithfully and without offense to each other."[3]

But knowing the virtues of her sister-in-law and forced by her brother's decision to acknowledge them, she accepted this new Maria with a little uncertainty, but she accepted her nonetheless. She set out immediately to make her a part of the family. It was in her letters to her brother's wife that she was able to give full vent to her religious feelings. It was as much Maria's intelligence as her non-Jewishness that provoked her to deal with these topics. Whatever strain she may have felt at the beginning of their relationship was quickly dispelled once they came to know each other well.

This she accomplished by interesting herself in every aspect of Maria's life. Her advice to the young married couple was always sound, ever sought for and

appreciated. It was as though she drew from the well-springs of personal experience. But such was surely not the case. Almost ten years before she had already resigned herself to spinsterhood, upbraiding her bachelor brothers, Hyman, Joseph and Jacob "for their continuing bachelor state," and expressing a well-founded fear that they would grow old together.[4] Nevertheless, she could give sage information to Maria in such mundane matters as the weaning of their son. She writes:

> "My dear Ben says in one of his letters that you are not well. Have you weaned your son? Perhaps nursing does not agree with you. Such a healthy boy with a mouthful of teeth does not require more than one year's dependence on milk, and your constitution cannot spare too much. I hope, therefore, that you will not pursue the Kentucky fashion of suckling children until they are named and waiting until the young fellow is able to claim his own title."[5]

But it was in the matter of religious difference that Maria's intelligence and intellectual curiosity prompted Rebecca to search through her own inmost feelings. In doing so she revealed in her letters a broad tolerance, more than tolerance, a respect for those of different religious faith. Moreover, she gave vent to her love of Judaism and to her deep attachment to the ancestral faith.

"I do not know, my dear Sister, whether we are ever justified in thinking: 'It would have been better for us that we had not been born' --for we were created by a merciful and benevolent being and the gift of life is certainly a blessing, since it is improvable by the exercise of faculties so wonderful and productive of happiness, and yet so limited as to have us dependent on God for the perfecting of all our works. And as far as we can comprehend His goodness, we must believe the desires to do His will to the best of our knowledge and abilities are acceptable. We are told all may approach God who have 'clean hands and a pure heart,' and tho' men differ so naturally on various points of religious belief and keep up such a perpetual warfare in flesh and in spirit, we see daily the manifestation of divine love and care extended equally over all the creation. Man in every clime and nation acknowledge God the creator, and the sincerity of heart in which they strive to honor him is more in his sight than the forms by which their devotion is visible. Yet, my sister, I do not hold lightly the laws and ceremonies of external religion and feel bound by the Mosaical dispensation as the guide of my life. While I respect the opinions of other creeds and believe the gates of heaven equally open to all who are good, your religious labours and opinions command my admiration and respect. May God enlighten you to pick out a path perfectly satisfactory to your own pure heart in which to lead your children safely to the foot of His throne. I am sure you will keep His attributes constantly before their eyes, and with light from above you may avoid the errors and difficulties in which you deem the ancient laws encumbered. I agree with you in desiring to be of that faith which is purest and best, only I believe the Jewish faith as pure as human institutions can be made and, its character being of divine origin, I give it firm and perfect belief, yet consider its adoption too inconvenient to be fitted for the present times. And were it not for the miracle that it has out lived all other remains of the olden times, we might believe what Jesus said: that he came to fulfill and not destroy it and that it was not intended by the Almighty to be perpetual. As it stands, it is an evidence to all

> men, and those who even despise it acknowledge it a wonder past finding out, that Jews should still exist, oppressed and hated, yet upheld and found among all people and languages upon the face of the earth, everywhere worshipping in the Hebrew and practicing their peculiar tenents."[6]

She could say "Amen" to Tom Paine's statement of faith: "I believe in one God, and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe in the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy." But she would most strenuously object to the continuation of his remarks: "I do not believe in the creed professed by the Jewish church, by the Roman church, by the Greek church, by the Turkish church, by the Protestant church, nor by any church that I know of. My mind is my own church. All national institutions of churches, whether Jewish, Christian, or Turkish, appear to me no other than human invention, set up to terrify and enslave mankind, and monopolize power and profit."[7]

Her tolerance did not spring from the deists' faith. She was an ardent Jewess, first and foremost, recognizing all the difficulties accompanying that choice, but firm in her own faith. It was this faith that covered her with humility and made her sensitive to the zealousness

of others quite unlike herself. As she explained to Maria:

> "It is not to me, my dear Sister, you need justify your creed. I feel too humble on the subject of religion to judge others. Nor can I ever --- the views or feelings of those zealous persons whose piety lead them into uncharitableness of the opinions of others. If God permits various modes of worship, why should weak mortals contend? And if He did not accept offerings from various ---, surely He has means of rejecting them, and would not need the aid of his creatures to do Him right. I love, with all their inconveniences, the laws of my forefathers, and as they embrace all that is good and holy in religion, have no wish but to fulfil them with a firm and perfect faith, and to keep them in my heart. But my zeal has never --- to wish one convert, and wherever I meet with a fellow creature whose love and fear of God is the --- of their life, I receive them as brethren and believe their doctrine is a --- God as is that of Moses and the prophets"
>
> "... and I trust, my dear Sister, when we have passed our lives in love and affection toward each other, good-will and charitableness to all men, that we shall be reunited in a better world, there to perfect the good gifts of which we have a foretaste here. And as Job said: 'Shall we receive good from the hand of God and not receive evil also?' endeavor to fortify my mind to bear the evils which are dealt out to me, and acknowledge the portion of good which has blessed or shall bless my life."[8]

Rebecca entertained no illusions about converting her sister-in-law to Judaism. According to her reasoning, every human being could have within him the power of approaching the idea of God, and she said: "I cannot

imagine what motive one human being can have in striving to set the fashion of another's worship when they know the same great and almighty God is the object of adoration."[9]

Nonetheless, her letters to Maria served an educational purpose. If Maria was not a Jewess she must nevertheless know what Judaism is. Consequently, she was to receive greetings for the New Year in January and also in September or October, depending on the fluctuations of the Jewish calendar. Maria soon understood that Sunday was the day on which the letters of her sister-in-law were written; Friday was the day when the Philadelphia home was set in order; and Saturday was devoted to complete rest, except for a walk to and from the synagogue in the morning. The names of the festivals and Holydays soon became familiar to her eye and, if the correspondence was a week late in coming, she could first assume and later know in advance what Jewish Holyday had interfered.

> "Your letter should not have been unanswered a whole week, my dear Maria, if it had not been the one preceding Passover when every housekeeper throughout the tribes of Israel are briefly employed in preparation for this national festival. Not that we are so much pressed for time as our ancestors were when they were driven out with their kneading troughs on their shoulders,

> but as we put away not only the leaven but all utensils that have leaven in them, there is a great shuffling and moving and bustle in the kitchen department, which active housekeepers and lazy servants manage to divide greatly in favor of the latter. However, on the fourth day of the feast I am quite at liberty to engage in more agreeable occupation."[10]

The names of the rabbis of Mikveh Israel and the guest preachers in the congregation became familiar to Maria. She was deeply concerned along with Rebecca and the Jewish community when Abraham Israel Keys, who had served Mikveh Israel from 1824 to 1828, died. He had been the rabbi who officiated at the dedication of their new synagogue in 1825 and Rebecca had described the entire ceremony to Maria in minute detail.[11] Now she wrote: "the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. Keys cast a gloom over the whole congregation...he has left a large family and they are strangers in the land. But he was much beloved and everyone is anxious to evince their respect by attentions to his widow. They have given her substantial proofs of it by voting her a year's salary of $1000."[12]

In 1829 "a beardless youth," Isaac Leeser by name, came up from Richmond, Virginia at age twenty-three, applied for the vacant post at Mikveh Israel, and was accepted. When Maria inquired several months later about his progress in the community, Rebecca was somewhat

hesitant but, notwithstanding, she replied to the inquiry:

> "You have been so kind as to inquire about our young Rabbi and I would rather have postponed the subject a little longer. But as everybody have their troubles, I may as well tell you his. Before he came to Philadelphia he had written some essays in "defense of the Jews and Mosaic Law," which gained him some reputation among a small circle of friends. It was his first attempt at authorship and he fell in love with his work, has enlarged, improved, changed and --- on it until it has almost become a volume which he greatly desires to see in print. I have read it, and though it gives me a good opinion of his talents, have advised him not to publish. But some other friends have encouraged him...
>
> "Before he had got through the first difficulties of his new nation he has taken too much upon himself and does not seem to get along as happily as if he had reserved his whole strength and attention to the duties of the reading desk. But youth is apt to be proved. Experience will act in checking or rather directing his enthusiasm to proper channels...
>
> "He is certainly a very pious and worthy man and takes very hard the latitude allowed in matters of religion in this enlightened age. Fortunately, he is a beardless youth. Did he wear the chin of a rabbi he would be scoffed at by his own congregation."[13]

The young man was to make his mark on the American Jewish community, but he never quite lost his impudence. The Gratz's remained his staunchest admirers and supporters.

The liberalism of Rebecca's spiritual feelings and religious ideology, although based in Judaism, found its

counterpart in the progressive Christian thinking of her time. The Unitarians, under the leadership of William Ellery Channing, were expressing similar ideas. Their conflict with the narrow, restricted Calvinist doctrine led to the crystalization of their own thinking. With Channing, derided as he was, as their spokesman, they proclaimed that human nature is essentially good, (not as the Calvinists would have it) that all men are children of God, and that all men are brothers. They also believed in the possibility of unlimited progress, both for the individual and for society and held, along with this American Jewess, Rebecca Gratz, that character alone determines a man's salvation.[14]

Rebecca became acquainted with Dr. Channing through her good friend, William Henry Furness, the Unitarian minister who had come to Philadelphia in 1824 and had contributed so much to the growth of the new movement in that city.

> "Mr. Furness sent to inform us that Dr. Channing would preach in his church this morning, and tho' I do not expect to hear anyone I like so well as I do himself, we have determined to go listen to this apostle of the new creed. I had once the impudence to tell him: the nearer the Christian doctrine approached the tenets of the old revelation, the more perfect it must become...

> I have never heard a more interesting, powerful, energetic discourse."[15]

> "Did I tell you how delighted I was with a lecture he delivered 'On the Present Age', and how flattered by a long visit he paid me which he said he wished to repeat, that we might pursue further the subject of our conversation, 'Judaism and Christianity', and how afraid I was to encounter this great luminary in a set argument, and yet that I was not afraid his mighty genius could dim the truth that shines with so steady a light over our holy laws and my strong conviction of its perfect and full completeness?"[16]

For Rebecca, the apotheosis of religion was to be found in the adoration of goodness. Within her, and within the spirit of Judaism as she understood it, there was a greater demand to love God than to fear Him. Life was God's gift to the universe and within that universe His benign spirit was constantly revealed -- not the God of Wrath but the Loving Father. In such a faith she could find the support to withstand any trial. When she sought to comfort Maria over the death of her young son, these same thoughts were expressed:

> "I hope this mild weather will continue that your little ones may be safely brought thro' the journey and that the various tints of beautious autumn may bring brighter and lighter spirits to your sorrowing heart. This is just

> the season in which nature speaks most soothingly to the sad, most soberly to the gay and most convincingly to the unsatisfied. Everything visible is undergoing a change. The falling leaf finds its bed in the dust. The vivifying saps retire and leave the branches dry and withering. Yet life is not decayed but waiting the Eternal word to bloom again and shew his glory to the new born year. Are not these witnesses of His greatness sufficient to convince us that brighter scenes are reserved for His more perfect work, that the lovely the innocent and the good become when this fleeting life is over, ministering spirits in a higher sphere? Is not the --- indulgence which never quits our hearts or loses the identity of our beloved departed a proof that the connection is only suspended and will again be perfect and united. This, Dearest, is my feeling and my thought, and this peoples my solitude with the companions of my early love and reverence and gives me consolation under every dispensation of the Almighty will, makes me submit to His trials and adore His gifts. For the affection we bear to our friends who are virtuous are those that will renew and enhance our heavenly joys. Be comforted my sister. The blessings that are yet blooming around you are sufficient. That which He has taken away will be restored to you. Let the confidence of King David console you - 'He will not come back to me, but I shall go to Him.'" 17

The same feelings are evidenced in a letter to her brother Ben, when months following Maria's death in 1841 he still mourns for her.

> "...but no day has passed without my thinking of you and praying that your mind may be restored to that composure which arises from reflection when the first poignancy of grief has passed away. And to no one can reflection come with more healing power, for in every period of your life you have been making happiness for those around you, and in fulfilling those sweet offices have laid up stores of consolation which can never fail. We know too feelingly by oft repeated experience how soon our brightest hopes may be blighted. But, dear brother, nothing can take from us the joy of knowing we have fulfilled our duty and that those we loved best accepted and approved of our offerings. With this conviction the smile of heaven will shine on the path before you, and the love of your dear sons reward your care and anxiety for them."[18]

To her niece, Miriam Moses Cohen, who had married Solomon Cohen and had moved to South Carolina in 1836, she gave a much more intimate glimpse of attitudes which could be classified as specifically Jewish.[19] It was not, as we might expect, that her liberal feelings extended to the Jewish group itself. Within her own life she understood what a strong hold traditional Judaism had upon her. Recognizing the difficulties involved in maintaining the ancient practices she nonetheless believed them essential for the preservation of Judaism in America. With reference to her Christian friends and neighbors her words breathed a true liberal spirit, but within the confines

of Judaism rigid orthodoxy could alone be acceptable. Her own faith was certainly unshakeable and in her own way she had been able to make a healthy adjustment to her Jewishness. She could meet the invectives or the praises of the non-Jew without throwing herself on the defense. Her broad association in the gentile community forced her to face "temptation" time and again, but she could not be moved. She remained, by the very nature of her existence, a constant living symbol of Judaism.

> "I was the other day at Mrs. T. Biddle's and some of the ladies present began talking about a popular preacher. They were discussing some sectarian questions when I approached and bid adieu, and Mrs. B. in the warmth of kind feeling towards me said, taking my hand very affectionately, that she wished I were a Christian. I thanked her because I saw she meant me well but told her I was so satisfied with my own faith that I could not sympathize in her wish."[20]

At times the fixed nature of her religious observance became a source for penetrating humor. While visiting an exclusive summer resort, she wrote:

> "Mr. Harrison offered me fried oysters, then begged my pardon and said: 'My memory is bad.' 'Mine is better,' said I. The fish is so good here that I have no temptations to forget it is the only thing on the table to be eaten."[21]

In spite of her own fastidiousness she was quite concerned about the laxity in Jewish observance in the American Jewish community. Perhaps because of the experience in her own family, she was especially sensitive about the tendency toward intermarriage among the Jews. In this she saw a great danger for the future of American Jewry. It was the "apostasy" of some of the best Jewish families in America, like the Mordecai's, she found exceedingly disturbing:

> "We everyday see the necessity of paying more attention to religious duties if we would not lose the dignity and power of our national character. The apostasy of some of the Mordecai family is a scandal to their father's memory and an injury to their own characters. Laura is engaged to a Christian. Maria Myers, too, we hear is in the same predicament. I always feel sorry for such sacrifices, sacrifices on both sides, for in so important a subject those who are united for time and eternity ought to agree. If they become parents their responsibilities are still greater, for others are involved, and the strongest as well as the sweetest ties of nature call for a uniform and sufficient help to train up their tender offspring in the way they should go."[22]

> "I am sure you and Mr. Cohen will be greatly mortified by the conduct of the Myers and fate of Charlotte. Her marriage appears to me the most unprincipled and foolish affair I have ever known and I can scarcely realize how persons who have passed so far through

> life respectably could sacrifice their characters and the solemn obligations of religion as they have done."[23]

When Julia Mordecai began her journey to Philadelphia on the second day of Passover, Rebecca gave vent to her disapproval of this flagrant violation of "ancestral customs."

> "Julia Mordecai is at the Arsenal with Sara... I should have been better prepared to like her had she come at any other time but during Passover. She left home on the second day and arrived on the fourth. Mr. Mordecai has written and spoken so much on the subject of religion and the observance of 'Ancestral Customs' that we might certainly expect his own children born and educated under his own roof would so far respect his instruction and the opinions he has given to the world as to abstain from a flagrant violation of them."
>
> "...coming into a community and family where such a breach is looked upon as censurable has altogether placed her in a disadvantageous light. Talents and learning and accomplishments are most desirable possessions and, as Shakespeare says: 'where virtue is, these are most virtuous,' but they can never supply the place of more important qualities, and I have more respect for those who knowing less perform their duties well."[24]

There was another danger. The spirit of reform was being felt in American Judaism. It had already expressed itself in Charleston in 1824, in a somewhat ill-fated venture. Rebecca shared with other Orthodox Jews the feeling that innovations were

destructive to Judaism. When she learned that Gustav Poznanski, minister of Congregation Beth Elohim in Charleston, had suggested an organ as part of the new synagogue, and that the majority of the congregation had sustained him in this and other reforms, she was aroused. The very thought of any reform within Judaism was abhorrent to her. In addition she knew that the movement created dissension among the Jews and for her, bonds of brotherly love and friendship were a "harmony far more acceptable to God than stringed instruments and psalmody and all other appliances to worship."[25] And so she wrote:

> "I have not seen the paper you sent containing an account of the Charleston Congregation but have heard some passages quoted that are certainly unorthodox. 'This is our temple, this our city this our Palestine.' Is it possible a Jew can write or speak so? Then where is the truth of prophesy? Where the fulfillment of promises? What is the hope of Israel? Of what does the scattered people bear witness? Alas we may hang our harps on the willow and weap for the spiritual destruction of Jerusalem when her own children are content to sing the songs of Zion in a strange land and deny the words of God so often repeated by the prophets. I am afraid the good people of Charleston are paying too much for their organ and allow more important objects to be sacrificed. Certainly the greatest enemies of the Jews never have denied their claims on their country inherited from their fathers, or doubted they would be restored to it in a time God shall appoint. How then can the Charleston congregation sell their birthright for a mess of pottage? But

> I beg your pardon, as I said before, I speak from hearsay and would fain hope watchmen at their posts, scattered among the people will warn them when they are in danger of falling into error by the spirit of innovation which has been the vice of ages among other religious denominations."[26]

But her attitude toward American Judaism and American Jewry was not completely negative. Although anxious for its future and fearful of the destructive factors of disunity and laxity, there were times when the progressive spirit of America itself, added to the knowledge that she lived in an age of increasing enlightenment, prompted her to be much more optimistic. At the time of the Damascus Affair these impressions were brought into relief. She felt herself to be in a new era of Jewish history. When the Jews of the world aroused themselves in defense of their martyred brethren in Turkish territory, there was a glow of pride in her heart. This was more than just a cold historical fact for her. It seemed to bring into focus the entire era in which she was living and, for one brief moment, she seemed to understand the reformers, the innovations being made, the latent advantages in such movements. The insight was ephemeral, nothing more.

"Israel is still happy in the patriotism of her sons and most happy in the interest which all other nations accord to her in repelling the oppression exercised by the heathens of Damascus. We have received accounts of meetings in Charleston and Cincinnati of a secular character and think the Jews have everywhere shewn that they feel and will act as becomes the Chosen People. This is quite a new era in our history and we should look well to improve the opportunities which the signs of the times evidently point out. We shall not let our brethren suffer and bleed in vain, but return in spirit and in truth to the God who has so often accepted the repentent sinners of Israel and plead their cause."[27]

"I know your heart was interested in the thrilling scene that engages all our sympathy and that your voice was raised in behalf of the oppressed and wronged captives of our unhappy race. Every expression of such feeling is a grateful offering to the sufferers heart and will, when they reach the prisoner's ear, prove a balm of Gilead to his wounded spirit and enable him to endure more patiently his bondage and affliction.

"It appears by late arrivals that Sir Moses Montefiore has not obtained his mission from the Pasha, that tho' he acceded to the request of Sir M. for an investigation into the affair, he has not put him in possession of authority to pursue it, and that being satisfied with the punishment already inflicted, he will cease from further barbarities. But justice and protection from future --- are not likely to be obtained.

"I think with you that this is a remarkable era in Jewish history, and much depends on themselves, whether it be for good or evil. The whole civilized world are interested in their cause, except France, and these too have many friends if they are wise and faithful to themselves. If they lay the law of Moses to their hearts; if they listen to his

> affectionate and earnest pleadings and choose 'life and the good,' who knows, but God will return unto them and hasten the time of redemption.
>
> ...There certainly seems to be a spirit of inquiry abroad and around us. Reformations are talked about and some innovations made in different communities in England and America. Whether these be sanctioned by the Orthodox or not, they awaken a spirit of inquiry and elicit knowledge, bring many who were indifferent observers into the field of controversy and perhaps those who study old records to strengthen their own opinion may find mines of wisdom of which they had no previous idea, and we shall see modern Sauls among the prophets who are as little suspected of inspiration as was the first king of Israel."[28]

Rebecca searched for kindred spirits, people like herself who were possessed with a love for Judaism and for its advancement. To these she would attach herself, as when she became acquainted with the writings of Grace Aguilar. Miss Aguilar's works were making a profound impression in America among Jews and Christians alike. Aside from the merit of her books, Rebecca found it intriguing that a woman so young could be so able. Although they had a brief correspondence together, she and Rebecca never had the opportunity to meet, which the latter constantly regretted. It was through Miriam Cohen, her niece, who had a much more extensive

correspondence with Miss Aguilar, that Rebecca was able to follow her activities and the progress of her health, which had been feeble since infancy.[29] Isaac Leeser was also interested in Miss Aguilar and some, concerned about his bachelor status, entertained the thought that she would make him an excellent wife. Unfortunately, Grace Aguilar died in 1847, still a young woman thirty-one years old.

> "You have excited my interest about Miss Aguilar and may thank her for her message before I receive it. I almost regret that I did not continue a correspondence with her. I should have so many pretty stories to tell her about the impression her writings have made among some of my Christian friends, but she no doubt receives testimonials of approbation enough to satisfy her that she has chosen a successful path of duty as a daughter of Israel."[30]

> "I am sorry to hear such bad accounts of Miss Aguilar's health. How I should like to see this interesting woman. I wish she had some friend in this country to invite her here. Perhaps a change of climate might restore her. I do not know her age but believe it does not exceed twenty-five. I think when I first heard of her I was told she was nineteen. Sara tells Mr. Leeser she will be his wife if they ever meet. When she first wrote to him, she took him for a sage advanced in years and from the deference she pays to age think she is still very green. The next number of the 'Cheap Jewish Library' is to contain a story by her. Whenever you come to the North bring her letters with you. I sometimes wish to write to her in order to

possess the privilege of receiving hers, but will not burden her since I have little to offer in return."[31]

"Mr. Leeser had a letter from Miss Aguilar by the last packet telling that she had sent sixty copies of her new work, but they have not yet arrived. She has been sick, which accounts for her long silence. Her Rev'd correspondent is in like condition. Indeed we are quite anxious about his state of health. His physician has recommended a trip across the Atlantic. He think entire rest and change of climate essential to him. But Mr. L. fancies he cannot for some months prepare himself. His congregation would cheerfully agree to the plan."[32]

"The last arrivals brought heavy news for us all, my dear Miriam, heavy news for the literary world, most heavy for the Jewish nation, in the death of Miss Aguilar which occurred on the 16th of September at Frankfort at her brother's house, where you know she went with her Mother in the summer. I have not heard any other particulars.

"...Send some testimonial, my dear Miriam, worthy of the memory of Miss Aguilar, your friend, for the Occident. Mr. Leeser's obituaries are not remarkable for their appropriateness and such a subject should not be coarsely handled. I do lament her more than I can express. No such an Israelite pen has been consecrated to the service of religion for ages. Her works will 'praise her in the gates' and live to enlighten generations to come."[33]

"The death of Miss Aguilar is truly a national calamity. I realize your feelings of sorrow, as if she had been a personal friend, for we felt as if she were identified with her works

> and they took possession of our minds and hearts, raising them above the earth and its cares and fixed them on the way that leads to heaven. She read the Scriptures understandingly and drew inspiration from its pages. She illustrated the beauties and virtues of character and brought them so naturally out as living examples that all your sympathies were engaged... Everything Miss Aguilar has written makes you love her, and it is sad to think that her very zeal in a holy cause shortened her stay on earth... She did more than any writer in modern times to sanctify her faith and every Jewish worshipper must hold her memory dear."[34]

Rebecca's own "zeal in the holy cause" was not limited to an intellectual concern for Judaism. She did not dwell on the periphera of Jewish society, or judge it from afar. We must acknowledge the simple fact that she was more than a critic; she was herself an active participant in Jewish life. In her early years it had been the fashion for young women to engage in philanthropic endeavor. In 1801 she had been the secretary of "The Female Association for the Relief of Women and Children in Reduced Circumstances," a non-sectarian organization which attempted, in a very sedate manner, to care for the poor and the indigent in the city of Philadelphia.

When the Philadelphia Orphan Asylum was established, she was one of the charter members and was elected secretary in 1819, serving for forty years in that post.[35]

Her letters are filled with the sad stories of poor families, of broken homes, and of abandoned children who were aided by this institution.[36] This interest in philanthropic work was more than just an imitation of the glass of fashion. It was a logical corollary of her religious convictions. She filled her days with multitudinous activities and her own interest was transmitted to others, to Maria Gratz and to Miriam, her niece. In fact, the three of them were at one time secretaries of their respective orphan associations in Philadelphia, Charleston and Lexington.[37] She constantly showered them with information and simultaneously asked for their advice:

> "How does your orphan society come on, sister secretary? Pray this time send me your report. I shall be glad to borrow from it at least the --- of telling my business, for I really am tired of my own monotonous style of begging favor and indulgence when in fact the public ought to thank us for spending their money for them so much better than they can spend it themselves."[38]

As the Jewish community of Philadelphia grew there was a corresponding need for organized Jewish charities. Rebecca was one of those responsible for the establishment of "The Female Hebrew Benevolent

Society." For forty-five years she served as honorary secretary of that organization.[39] In 1855 she was to witness the fruition of another aspect of her work: the establishment of "The Jewish Foster Home."[40] A year later she wrote to Miriam:

> "The children in our new Foster Home are still more remarkable having now a very happy home, under an amiable Matron they improve in every respect. I wish you could see and become interested in this society which we hope will not only shelter destitute children, either orphans or those whose parents are unable to take care of them, but by instruction under them capable of getting their own living in a more respectable way than is resorted to by poor Jews. It has long appeared to me the one thing needful to elevate the character of our poor. They come in great numbers from foreign countries where they are oppressed and have no prospect of doing more than sustaining life and their children are ill-dressed, ill-fed and left to pick up bad habits in the streets, while they having no trade go peddling about the country.
>
> "It is astonishing to see the change in the manners, conduct and characters of these little beings. They can all read and write, behave with the utmost decorum at meals, where they repeat grace in Hebrew and English, have all the comforts of cleanliness, order and good treatment and are taught religious and social duties. With God's blessing I trust this may be the beginning of a new era in the history of Jewish charity and that in every community where there are destitute children such provision may be made for them."[41]

She saw the value of "bringing up a better class of Jews among the poor, of giving a worthy object and aim of life, making honesty and industry more desirable and honorable than peddling." Raising such a class, she hoped, would change the whole character of the Jewish people and "put them on an equality with the community in which they lived."[42] Increased Jewish immigration had indeed brought many problems.

Her crowning achievement, however, was in the field of education. She was the prime mover behind a project of The Female Hebrew Benevolent Society to set up a Jewish Sunday school. This was done in 1838 and it was the first of its kind in America.[43] Here she could realize in tangible form her desire for the preservation of Judaism. She could help to mold children in the formative period of their lives, press into their hearts a love of Judaism and, in so doing, improve them and the entire Jewish community. It was an overwhelming success in spite of all the difficulties involved in getting the proper materials, and teachers who could be counted on. She received further inspiration when almost immediately she saw her Sunday school become the model for others. In July of 1838 she wrote Miriam, describing the school and its activities:

"At present we occupy a delightful room in Masonic Hall and each class is accomodated with a circular bench surrounding their teacher. The school commences at the ringing of a bell, when pupils rise and repeat a short prayer after the superintendent, each teacher then marks the pupils present or absent and proceeds to the lessons of the day. The classes are divided into sections so that about every 20 children have a teacher. Those who can read are first required to learn the Ten Commandments which are practically applied and explanations given of each. The "1" classes use "Elements of Jewish Faith" Mr. Leeser's instruction in Mosaic religion and Bible. For younger classes I have taken books from the New Testament and had only the part I wanted bound up erasing such portions as I deemed and with a little trouble have adapted them to our purpose. Various other books are culled in like manner until each class is furnished to the infant alphabet. The school is kept in from 10 to 12 o'clock. A chapter of the Bible is read, and if necessary commented on or rather explained. Then hymns are repeated by the children and all are dismissed except the higher classes who sing the Sabbath hymn under the tutelage of Miss ---."[44]

"I shall send the papers you wrote for by Charlotte (Myers) and a copy of a little book of Bible questions we use in the school. I got it from the Sunday School Union, had the New Testament questions taken out and prepared the rest as you will see. Primmers and school books undergoing a little mutilation serve us also until there are schools enough established to share the expense of printing what will be better adapted to our views. I will also send a copy of The Jewish Faith."[45]

In 1840 she could rejoice at the Bar Mitzvah of one of the pupils of the Sunday School, describing

the festivities in some detail:

> "The age of ignorance and prejudice is past. An enlightened Jew occupies as high a station as any other man, and if he respects himself and honors his religion, men no longer stigmatize him with approbrium. Last Sabbath I witnessed one of the most animated scenes of national hospitality that I ever enjoyed. Mr. Mickenburg's son attained his thirteenth birthday. He read the whole portion of Scripture in synagogue and, as he is one of our Sunday School pupils, I took Jo Hays by the hand and went to congratulate his parents on the occasion.
>
> "...on arriving at the house we found the back parlour filled with young boys and were ushered up stairs into a large front parlour two sides of which were occupied by tables covered with a magnificent feast and surrounded by male and female visitors who did ample justice to the substantial as well as delicate --- , while the host, hostess and younger guests were doing the honors in Eastern style, of serving men and women. There was joy and happiness inculcating freely through the ceremony. I expressed my surprise to Mrs. M. at finding such a scene. She said: He is our eldest son and we wished to celebrate his bar mitzva. We endeavor to bring him up religiously and this is his great day. The boys, after the elder guests were served, took their places at the table, their young host at its head. And thus beginning his day of confirmation, he was permitted to say the Sanctification service and grace after meals, which concluded the feast."[46]

The Sunday school continued to grow. By 1841 it already had 104 pupils.[47] In all her endeavors she continued to work, giving of herself freely, putting into effect the spiritual teachings of the

faith to which she was so devoted. It was only when she was weakened by old age that she felt compelled to withdraw from her activities. In 1864, when she was eighty-three years old, she resigned from her position as secretary of The Female Hebrew Benevolent Society.[48] And in 1865, with her ears ringing with praises extended to her by Sabato Morais, she stepped down from her superintendent's chair in the Hebrew Sunday School.[49] Her spirit and her refined presence were never forgotten. In truth, all her "children" could rise up and call her blessed.

> "Resolved that in the death of Miss Rebecca Gratz the managers of the Philadelphia Orphan Society deplore the loss of a beloved and venerated associate, the last survivor of the board of managers who founded and organized this asylum. For 50 years she was actively engaged in promoting its usefulness and occupied for more than 40 years the important position of Secretary of the Board of Managers and purchasing committee of the institution. To her energy and ability during the struggling infancy of the society and to her subsequent resources much of its prosperity is due; while to her dignity, grace and noble personal qualities the Managers have ever yielded the tribute of their warm admiration and strong regard. In the orphan family and household she was sincerely beloved and her loss greatly deplored.
>
> "Resolved that a copy of the above resolution be sent to the family of Miss Gratz with the assurance of the sympathy of the

Managers of the Orphan Society in their bereavement.

I have the honor to remain

Very truly yours

(signed) Maria Tilgliman
Secretary, O. S.
Sept. 10, 1869" 50

"At the Annual Meeting of The Female Hebrew Benevolent Society November 3, 1869, on the reading of the Secretary's report, it was unanimously resolved that the secretary be directed to make an extract of that portion of her report relating to our late esteemed friend and --- Miss Rebecca Gratz and forward the same to her Executor.

"Since our last Annual Meeting it has pleased our Heavenly Father to call hence our well beloved sister in faith, Miss Rebecca Gratz, one of the founders of this society and for forty-five years its Honorary Secretary. Thus we have a retrospect of nearly half a century of faithful and successful labor; she advocated and adorned every good and noble cause. To her constant and untiring appeals we are indebted for that admirable institution, "The Jewish Foster Home." Every call of duty, of charity; or of patriotism met at her hands a ready and willing response. The many tributes of respect paid to the memory of our lamented friend tell of the estimation in which she was held; she was truly a just and virtuous woman whose daily life was pure and unblemished and whose example may be commended to the imitation of the Daughters of Israel."51

CHAPTER III

"I would not exchange my identity
for beauty, wealth, or any other
greater advantages than I possess;
for methinks I never could find
such beings to love as relations."

Miriam Moses to Maria Gist Gratz,
January 12, 1834

* * *

Rebecca's deep attachment to her family had been molded from her childhood days. The death of her mother in 1808 and of her father in 1811 had placed her in a difficult position, in so far as the family was concerned, but at twenty-seven years of age she was more than sufficiently mature to step into the vacant place and become the matron of the house. Her bachelor brothers, Hyman, Joseph, Jacob and Ben (before his removal to Lexington) were dependent upon her, and she ministered to their needs with all the dignity and ability she possessed. The love she had for them and their constant need for her certainly may be considered among the major factors which prevented her from marrying.

Following the death of their father, as well as before it, the Gratz brothers had fared well in their business. They had especially prospered during the war of 1812. They worked hard, to be

sure, and were travelling constantly. Their great home on Chestnut Street was a scene of continuous comfort and pleasure. They managed to survive the first post-war depression without restricting themselves too much. But gradually business conditions tightened; breaking merchants, and bad markets became the prominent subjects of conversation. The results in Philadelphia were as Rebecca described it: "Our fashionables are half in mourning and the rest are trying the experiment of a domestic winter."[1]

Economic conditions did not improve, as they hoped, but continued to deteriorate. The resources of the Gratz brothers fell and, in the summer of 1826, as though the realization had come to them suddenly, they understood that their business was being forced into bankruptcy. Theirs had been such a reliable firm in the past that they had been able to make many trusted friends in the business world. This softened the blow somewhat, for their creditors had the utmost faith in them and were not pressing for the obligations to be met. But the cold figures on the balance sheet told the tale without sentiment. They had liquid assets of $65,470 but liabilities of $167,566.

"No stoppage has ever taken place in this city which has called forth the sympathy of all the community, either those who are creditors or others. From all we have the assurance that they will be perfectly satisfied with any mode of settlement we shall propose and full confidence is expressed and a wish that we should have the entire management of our affairs without making an assessment. The whole amount of engagements are as follows:

Notes out	$78,427.76
Accept any to be provided for by the drawer	10,421.22
leaves	68,006.54
due on Book net	26,751.60
due Custom house	7,814.10
--- borrow money	1,600.00
S. Gratz engagements	20,917.00
	125,089.24
Responsibility S. Hay and others	42,477.46
	167,566.70

book debts available in ---	25,206.56
bad and unavailable Book debts 42,400	
Notes considered good	5,376.00
Merchandise on hand	27,753.74
Stocks etc	2,534.00
317 Shares --- Hoch Other stocks cost about 1500	
Individual --- etc	4,600.00
	65,470.30

Real Estate at what we consider very low valuation without notice of any of the lands except Aaronsburg at $10,000 and Gratz at $10,000 .....121,000.00" [2]

The whole commercial world was "rent in pieces," and the Gratz's went into bankruptcy along with many others. This of course was a tremendous psychological blow to the entire family. The consideration of their friends in business and in the general community did not seem to ease the disturbance. The brothers were so broken up that even Rebecca in trying to comfort them felt herself to be like one of "Job's miserable comforters".[3]

The burden was even greater for them for in 1823 Rachel Gratz, who had married Solomon Moses, died, leaving nine children all of whom had been taken into the home on Chestnut Street. Now with

their uncles in hard straits, Rachel's young children tried to assist, in their own small way, in lightening the financial difficulties:

> "Two or three months ago our nieces commenced employing themselves in manufacturing little ingenious articles by which they hoped to obtain the means of lightening the difficulties that were gathering around them. I suggested to them the probability of their being able to dispose of some of them in Kentucky and offered to apply to you on the subject. Accordingly a small box has been forwarded to your address which we beg you will have the goodness to place in some store, or dispose of in any way you think proper. They enclosed a paper with the highest prices at which the articles could be sold here, but without any means limiting them, and will be very grateful to you for having them sold to the best advantage your fashionable market may afford..."[4]

That this was a loss of prestige could not be denied. The touching efforts of the children on behalf of the family point this out quite clearly. But the greatest blow for Rebecca was nothing which happened to her brothers in the business world, although it may have been a logical corollary of that; it was the dissension that developed among her brothers which set Simon against Hyman, Joseph and Jacob and tore the well-knit family relationship asunder. The seeds for the dispute between Simon

and his brothers had been sown much earlier when their father had died intestate.[5] Whatever complications there were in the management of the Michael Gratz estate had evidently been pushed aside, the brothers being so busily involved in the prosperity of the business. But prosperity was a thing of the past now, and the brothers, excited and worried by the failure of their business, were unable to make an agreeable settlement amongst themselves. Had Michael Gratz left a will, the dispute may never have occurred; but he did not and dissension now replaced love and friendship and mounted with increasing fury.

Rebecca could stand up, it seemed, under the burden of the financial fall from grace, but strife among her brothers was surely the unkindest cut of all and cut deeply, disturbingly into her heart:

> "...Of the unhappy circumstances in which our household are involved, I scarcely know what to say. Our brothers have written to you and will keep you informed. For the first time in my life, I rejoice in your absence and freedom from the unnatural strife. I can scarcely realize that such a state of things can exist, that all the love and tenderness which has hitherto reigned amongst us should be so rudely rent in pieces and by one who has been so

> reverenced. Truly it may be said that adversity is the best of virtues, but that it should have the power to break the bonds of brotherhood asunder, my simple nature could not have believed, had not the conviction been forced upon my senses with a shock which has laid every comfort and peace of mind frustrate. But this state of things cannot last long. H's [Hyman] patience is too exemplary not to be rewarded. We will hope for better times and better things. O my dear Ben, how my heart grieves for the devious course our brother [Simon] has been driven into. His nature has been changed by the perplexities his ill advised family lead him into. The time may come when you, my dear Brother, may restore peace, but at present we most heartily rejoice that you are away.
>
> "Tell my dear Maria I will write to her as soon as I am a little, a very little happier. At present my head and heart beats too quickly and irregularly to do anything tranquilly. She must keep you at home and comfort you, for I know how you will suffer for these cruel affairs. None of the family except those at home know anything of the matter, and if our brother relents they may never know. God Grant he may, and that he may restore himself and all of us to that peace which vehemence of temper and ill directed wrath has carried to such a distance..."[6]

Unfortunately, Rebecca's pious hope for "better times and better things" was not to be realized. The pleasant memories of the peaceful relationship of the past had left such an indelible impression upon her that it was impossible for her to conceive

of such a radical change in the character of her brother Simon. But the circumstances were forcing her to see that this was no longer the Simon of whom she had said in 1820, attempting to picture him for his new sister-in-law, Maria Gist: "He has really a noble spirit and as little of selfishness in his nature as I have ever met with in a human character."[7] No, a new Simon had emerged, distorting the memories of the past, and he would not relent.

By May of 1827 the situation had worsened to such a degree that Ben's presence was necessary. When he began the long journey from Lexington to Philadelphia Rebecca, regretting that he was forced to leave Maria and the children, entertained the hope that a happy solution to the burning problem could be attained, that peace might again fall gently over the Gratz home and that her younger brother would be a messenger of good tidings:

> "I have postponed writing to you, my dear Sister, from day to day in hopes of having something agreeable to communicate, but fear I have incurred an evil, while waiting for a distant good which, when it does arrive, will find angels songs to bear it to you. I shall therefore repair my fault and beg, notwithstanding appearances, you will believe me fully sensible of your goodness in submitting to so great a sacrifice of your

domestic happiness our dear Ben's leaving home occasions. Indeed my sister it grieves my heart that you should have to bear so painful a share in our distress and I persuade myself that you will also soon share the blessing which accompanies a peace-maker. I cannot believe the sincere and united efforts of the brothers will fail of success unless evil advisors oppose their council and harden our deluded brother's heart against us. It would be in vain to attempt describing what I have and do suffer in this unhappy affair. It has been so much the habit of my life to reverence and love Simon that in everything which my conscience did not oppose I should yield my wishes to his, and in everything since my Mothers death, I have desired to grant him the honors of my senior and guide. It has been only where my duty to the unoffending members of the family could not be reconciled that I have done less than he desired toward the unfortunate causes of dissension, and I believe had he managed with equal discretion, they and he would have been much happier, and the harmony of our once united family never been interrupted. But it is in vain to go back to the source from whence this flood of ills arose. We must endeavor to steer the safest course and save as much consolation from the wreck of domestic happiness as moderation and a conscientious discharge of duty may furnish. Poor Simon! What will repay him for all the sacrifices? The self-will and misrule of his household is a sad reverse to the picture of domestic life his memory must furnish under the paternal roof.

"Then we may hope the memory of young days, the participation of boyhood's sports and, above all, of maternal love, will enter into the brothers hearts and turn them back from recent worldly strife to nature's harmony and bonds of love."[8]

But, to her sorrow, Ben's visit was to no avail. Rebecca's sympathies of course lay with her brothers, Hyman, Joseph and Jacob. The logic of the events leading to their troubles had forced her to take a side and the methods employed by her eldest brother, Simon, to insure his victory in the matter, were not of the most savory nature. If his name was later to be associated with charitable enterprises, his activity in this particular case served to liken him to other great American philanthropists whose greatness often lay in their ability to be greatly unscrupulous. As one anonymous wit has put it: "The man who steals a loaf of bread commits a crime, but the man who steals a railroad is a national hero." However much she yearned for peace and concord in the family Rebecca could not doubt Simon to be in the wrong. In July of 1827 she wrote:

> "Our brothers are so much engaged in the perplexities of their affairs that they have deputised me to write to you my dear Ben, and tho' I am sure my letter will not be so satisfactory as one from either of them, I shall take up the parable where Jo left off on Wednesday. In pursuance of the order of the arbitrators Mr. Richards produced the keys of the long closed up Fireproof, and in presence of the parties concerned opened the doors, within which a padlock fastning had also been introduced.

When lo! it was found empty of anything of value. All the books and papers which had been usually kept there were removed even to your insurance policy, and in their place some old receipt books and other worthless articles of as little consequence were crammed.

"You may imagine the shock this discovery occasioned. I could have wept over the fallen honor of our eldest brother. At first he was himself ashamed and during the humiliating scene of directing his porters and clerks to bring back the purloined articles was confused and agitated, but has since resumed his former deportment. On two occasions they have had stormy interviews: one, on Hyman's removing the sign of the old firm which S. promised should come down, but afterwards objected to. The Arbitrators met again on Friday morning and began with accounts. Today they were assembled but Mr. Channery was taken sick and they were obliged to adjourn. We may look forward to a long and mortifying turmoil before this unfortunate business is closed. Simon's superior talents and complete preparation, having been four months in quiet possession of every document he required, his ingenuity in making the worse appear the better reason, and the boldness of his harangues, tend to embarass the business and give him advantages which Hyman is not calculated to meet. However, we must hope that honest plain-dealing and truth will prevail and, in the end justice be obtained.

"Notwithstanding that he must have perused every line in those papers during all this time, he is so tardy in relinquishing them that the other party are but partially possessed of those they require. Your accounts have been called for, but not yet produced...

> "I am shocked at what I have written concerning our Brother. A short time ago, I thought his integrity unassailable and looked upon his moral insufficiency as spots on the Sun - but alas! his glory is now eclipsed in my eyes and I cease to wonder at the many alterations I have --- respecting our Father's estate, so contrary to justice and right do I consider the demands upon it."9

Try as she did, Rebecca could not accept the bare facts which told of the complete estrangement of Simon. She forced herself to believe that he himself was not responsible for his actions, that behind all the difficulties lay the calculating minds of his children. A relationship such as theirs could not disintegrate, she wanted to think. The decision of the arbitrators had been made:

> "In the case of the Administration Accounts, we have provisionally decided that the balances due by Michael Gratz's Estate to Simon and Hyman Gratz and to Simon Gratz and Co. shall be allowed as valid charges against Michael Gratz's Estate for the amount of principal. In regard to the interest we reserve ourselves until the accounts of Simon Gratz and Brothers are settled."10

Perhaps now there would be peace. But Simon was no longer a part of her life, nor was the decision of the arbitrators to bring peace and concord.

Simon continued to speak to Rebecca when they met by chance. He acted civilly, bowing as they departed,[11] but she could well have said to herself, quoting Shakespeare as she so often did: "Me rather had my heart might feel your love, than my unpleased eye see your courtesy."

The eighteen-twenties were a decade of discontent, streaked with suffering and panic,[12] and they were taking their toll in the Gratz family, not only in terms of family serenity, but also in the sense that it left Hyman, Joseph and Jacob disillusioned and depressed. The desired peace did not come and the old drives which moved them as successful business men had disappeared. "I should not care for it half so much," Rebecca told Maria, "if it did not mortify and depress the boys so much. Jo worries out of his flesh, and Hyman is concerned and disappointed."[13]

Even with each member of the family straining to carry themselves through this difficult period, Rebecca soon discovered that no matter how much they restricted themselves, crimping and saving, they were still living far above their means. The financial affairs were in a sad state, and the two years spent preparing the accounts, handling the litigation,

had been wasted years. Her brothers had not really attended to any business. Now they were faced with the necessity of earning a living and found themselves embarrassed by unsettled accounts. Worst of all, they had neither the spirit nor the energy to attempt anything new.[14]

Osterweis claims that they were prepared to take the consequences, that they moved from the great home on Chestnut Street in order to "abandon the high scale of living they had enjoyed."[15] This is true in part. Their high scale of living did have to suffer a change, but they moved from their home because they had discovered, during the process of litigation over their father's estate and the business, that they were actually occupying property assigned to Simon.[16] Rather than suffer that embarrassment, Rebecca, Hyman, Joseph, Jacob and the children of their late sister, made preparations to leave. Early in August, 1828, they moved into a less pretentious house at No. 2 Boston Row. Simon appears to have fared much better and was not, as Osterweis claims, forced to give up his country home at Willington.[17]

In spite of the hardships occasioned by the family dispute, Rebecca's feelings continued to be ambivalent. The silent love for her brother Simon

was something she could not destroy. The complete feeling of dependence which had developed over the years, the tremendous need to love and be loved by all her brothers, was woven into her personality, and those needs could not be dissipated. She persisted in rationalizing, insisting again and again that the blame was on Simon's children, or at least a good measure of it. That thought gave her some comfort.

> "I must still believe his nature has recently changed or rather been perverted. We know that the indulgence of one vice undermines the foundation of every virtue. The malevolence of his disappointed children has weaned him from all previous attachments and made him what he is. I mourn over him, as if he were more unhappy than wicked. Twice in my life, I have seen him melted down to more than womanly softness. Once, shortly after our Mother's death, he wept on my shoulder as tho' his heart would break. One loss justified his grief. But I thought there was a mixed feeling and pitied the remorse which I attributed to him."[18]

The dispute waged on over the years. Gradually Hyman, Joseph and Jacob, no longer adrift, collected themselves and found their respective ways back into a successful business life. All of them were to maintain a life-long interest in philanthropy and that alone should be an index to the business stability they

achieved. Jacob became interested in politics and actually was elected to the Senate of the state of Pennsylvania. Hyman picked up his business interests and became president of The Annuity and Life Insurance Company.[19] But the family debate and discussion had continued since 1826; even as late as 1836 we find letters referring to the dispute over the Michael Gratz estate and the affairs of Simon Gratz and Company.

"Dear Sir:

The enclosed letter to Messrs. Joseph and Jacob Gratz contains the opinion of Mr. Binney and myself on the subject of our awards of 9th April and 2nd July 1828. It would have been sent before, but I thought you would call-

Respectfully yours,
Ch. Chauncey

May 2nd 1836

'Benj. Gratz Esq.

Gentlemen: We have examined your communications on the subject of our awards of 9th April and 2nd July 1828, relative to the computation of interest upon the accounts of Simon and Hyman Gratz, and Simon Gratz and Co. with the Estate of Michael Gratz. We do not consider ourselves authorized to act under the original submission, so as to pronounce a decision on the questions, which are presented by your Notes, nor, as referees, to give an interpretation to our awards therein referred to: But we will express our opinions, as friends, who are

desirous to see a proper adjustment of your differences, without attempting to give to our opinions the force of authoritative decision.

"The rate of interest fixed by our award at four per cent was considered by us as just, paying due regard to the situation of the estate; and if the settlement had then been made, that rate being adopted would have done justice between the parties. The settlement has not taken place; and in the mean time, the monies of the estate of Michael Gratz have, from time to time, been received by the trustees, and during a part of the time, they have remained in deposit without earning any interest; and during part of the time have earned an interest of five per cent. We think that the firms who are creditors of the estate, should receive the benefit of the interest which has been gained upon the monies, during the time they have been in the hands of the Trustees, as if the monies had been paid over, and placed at that rate of interest by the firms themselves for their own account; and that the computation would, we conceive, best satisfy the awards.

"With respect to the payments 1 May, 1829, we think they should be deducted from the amount of principal and interest at four per cent, then due, and that interest on the balance of principal due and not on the entire balance should be calculated at four per cent up to the time when the payments were respectively made to the Schuylkill Bank, at which time those payments shall be deducted from the amount then due; the interest paid by the Schuylkill Bank afterwards, to be, as we have said, for the benefit of the firms, as if the firms themselves had so invested it for their own account.'

"...and I got a communication from S [Simon] asking 'when it would be agreeable to make distribution of the Trust funds' without

> saying anything of the note of Binney and Co. I replied whenever he settles his accounts with the individuals of the family, he would find me ready and prompt at a final settlement."[20]

Simon's name appeared less frequently in the letters from Rebecca to her brother, Ben, and her sister-in-law, Maria. But each time it did appear it was as though Rebecca was still groping for the reasons, still unable to accept his departure from the family circle. She condemned Simon with more freedom and yet with reserve and an occasional touch of pity:

> "I never revert to the state of feeling which has grown up between Simon and the rest of the family without the keenest sorrow and regret. Our parental home was the scene of harmony and love, and respect for Simon grew up in the younger members of the house almost as naturally as if he were to succeed to our Father's authority, when unhappily that Parent was incapable from disease to retain his station.
>
> "...how this confidence has been abused you alas know too well. We should not tempt poor human nature too far by giving power and authority to one not standing in the natural station to distribute it with justice. Perhaps had less been given to Simon, he would have been a better man, but once having fallen into the indulgence of a vicious conviction, he thought his position in the family would enable him to break down the barriers of society..."[21]

Rebecca probed more deeply for the reasons, making use of her own understanding of human nature, dealing with the factors that play such an important role in the development of character disorders. She searched into the childhood experiences of her brothers, analyzing them with as much objectivity as she could muster, understanding at the same time how intimately involved she was in their life situations. And she came up with an interesting answer, a penetrating insight into the dynamic nature of the development of human behavior. The hostility which Simon exhibited so clearly, most assuredly, she felt, had its origin in the experiences of childhood, "in the unequal division of parental love." This insight is revealed in a letter to Maria:

> "Thank God you are just parents and give to your children such an equal share of love that none need by jealous of the elders' birthright, or the youngers' privilege. I think the worst of human passions, jealousy, is often born and nurtured in the unequal division of parental love. We are so quick in discerning our rights and so ready to resent injustice, that we are apt to practice it on the innocent and hate those who are better loved than ourselves. The history of Jacob and Esau is an illustration which ought to be impressed on the mind of parents; indeed, the Scriptures are so full of examples in the various characters put down faithfully from nature, that an observer

> of human character cannot fail to glean useful hints to aid his case, be it ever so rare, if he knows how to apply it."[22]

In the winter of 1839 nature took a hand in the unfortunate situation. Almost thirteen years had passed:

> "Our brother Simon is ill and has for some time been laboring under a disease for which as yet he has found no remedy, tho' he has successfully tried the skill of various physicians. You know our long estrangement has not destroyed my affection for him and my interest in his family and, about ten days ago or more, I determined to go out and see him. Our sisters and Reuben accompanied me. We were admitted to his chamber, but very coolly received, particularly me. He looks very sick but does not seem conscious of the dangerous state his doctors and family apprehend. I told Mr. Etting a day or two ago that I was going again and this morning he came to tell me of an interview he had with Louisa in the street in which she said she thought our visit had been made with the intention of asking forgiveness, and she summoned up such a long list of injustices received from me that I do not wonder at the cold looks of my brother, suffering that she has influenced him to think of me through the same ---. Now I thought in times gone by I was doing a duty and making many sacrifices in favor of my brother's family. The first out of love and gratitude to him; the second because I weaken the disapprobation of those I lived with and was bound to obey in all things not immediately against my conscience. And in my intercourse with these children my affections were so much engaged that I confess all the embarrassments and disadvantages of their situation I took to

> heart; and when they cast me off in the family rupture, I grieved about them and pity them still. God knows what is to become of them when their Father is no more."[23]

The attitude of Simon's children, Louisa in particular, coupled with Simon's illness made for a much more uncomfortable state of affairs. Fortunately, his temporary recovery made it possible for Rebecca to heed Ben's advice not to subject herself to the mental strain of paying an unwelcomed visit.

> "I received your letter on Wednesday and was sorry to find that my account of Simon's situation and L's [Louisa] conduct had so much excited my affectionate Ben. You were right in supposing the circumstances communicated had not given more pain than I expected for, in fact, I have so long taken an impartial view of the past, that I was not so much surprised at her feelings, knowing how deeply her pride was wounded - and this is her ruling passion. But I regretted its operation at this time, when I thought we might be mutually useful to each other, and to one in whom each had an interest and a sympathy. Thank God our brother is recovering and I shall not again be subjected to the trial of feeling myself an unwelcome guest. Indeed you may tell your husband that I did not mean to go again. I am free to confess that I greatly lacked judgment in the commencement of my knowledge of this family, but never suspected that I could be charged with mercenary motives or injustice until recently..."[24]

But Simon's recovery was not permanent; it was little more than a respite, and short-lived at that.

His illness lingered and his body weakened. There was nothing that could be done to save him. He lapsed into a coma and as he lay dying his sister, Rebecca returned to his side. In an instant the hatred which had divided them disappeared, and all the latent feelings of love arose again and returned to their former place. In July of 1839, Rebecca wrote the closing chapter of his life with a touch of pathos in every one of her words:

> "I thought I would not write again to you, my dear Maria, until I heard from you, for I have worried you with unanswered epistles - but my heart is too full to keep silence, and our dear Ben will think it due to him to hear all I can tell of the last days of our Brother's life. Would it had been months and years I could recount of unbroken intercourse.
>
> "A fortnight before his death we, our sisters and Hyman, went to visit him. He received us with kindness and was much affected at shaking hands with Hyman, but soon recovered himself and conversed with him on common topics. He looked much emaciated but did not appear to consider himself too ill. He arose and walked about the --- . I offered him my arm and, when we were at a distance from the party, asked if I might come out sometimes to see him. He said he would see me. His children and grandchildren were there and perhaps from the agitation of seeing us, and the noise of so many persons, he became fatigued and said he would go to his room. We staid to hear that he was comfortable in his chamber and then returned home.

"After this I went out frequently and was always welcomed by him and well received by the girls. On one occasion I found him looking very ill and thinking the Dr's countenance expressed alarm, I prevailed on Louisa to let me stay during the night, and then obtained permission to watch by him repeatedly. Indeed my anxiety was so aroused that I could not bear to be away. The lapse of years seemed to have gone by in an instant and the love that was pent up for all that time returned to be spent in a few short days, over the death scenes of its object. He seldom spoke but for a few minutes at a time and then sank into exhaustion. The pain of his disease had gone and his end was tranquil and peaceful. Sometimes his strength would rally and a gleam of hope would break forth. Then a new symptom shew its mortal tendency and the dull --- eyes close in sleep that was a --- death and its --- --- --- and thus he yielded up his breath, without a struggle. And when the last quivered on his lips a smile of peace settled there for ever. I closed his eyes with a prayer that my last end --- be like his.

"But who can speak the desolation of his house or the scenes of sorrows and affliction that succeeded. From my soul I pity his children. I staid with them two days after their sad loss and my own heart is oppressed with grief. I have been quite sick from its effects. I went to see the girls on Thursday and they overwhelm me with expressions of gratitude. Louisa begs that the past may be forgotten and hopes no further trouble will arise to cast an angry feeling on any business they may have to transact with our brothers. I hope so too, if we can ever profit by experience. Surely enough has already been suffered to calm down every passion with peace. I could take up a lament where I left off, when the subject was again and again brought up in my mind, for with me it has ever been ---

> grief and tho' I lost my dear Brother fifteen years ago, his death has been a sore trial to me..."[25]

The saga of family discord was over but the memory of it lived on in Rebecca's heart. Time and again her thoughts would turn to Simon. For her it was a disaster always to be regretted and never to be forgotten. The incident had left its mark and as late as 1861 she referred to it in a letter to Ben.[26]

But the family was a unit again, and continued to be for many years. The family, as always, was more than a sociological unit in the mind of Rebecca Gratz; it was a constant source of love and affection that could be given and received with equal pleasure. Perhaps Benjamin, far removed as he was, was her first love, but none of the others could have known it. She cared for Hyman, Jacob, and Joseph just as she cared for Rachel's children, and to them she remained a constant symbol of virtue and refinement. "All that is great and good are we taught each day that we bask in the sunshine of Aunt Becky's countenance," Miriam Moses wrote her aunt Maria in Lexington.[27] Rebecca was mother and nurse to them all.

The years passed quickly, Rebecca caring for her brothers in sickness and in health and finally, in three successive years, 1856 to 1858, Jacob, Hyman and Joseph died. The anguish over Jacob's death seemed more than she could bear:

> "I can tell you little of our departed Brother's last few days. Very few after you left were clear or definite in any way but by the progress of his disease. He suffered less apparent anguish but seemed to sink into that quiet, yielding to nature all the powers of mind and body, which precedes the awful separation. Alas, alas, with all he suffered, I still feel as if I could hardly reconcile myself to the sad reality that he is no more, that his place is empty, his noble heart cold in the silent grave."[28]

When Hyman and Joseph followed Jacob to the grave, she realized that she was very much alone, that only Ben and his second wife, Ann Shelby, remained to be called "Brother" and "Sister."

> "My dear Ann -
>
> I am very sure I have your sympathy beside the deep interest your own heart experiences in the afflictions of our family, as I have written to our dear Ben, with whom you are always identified. I hope you will excuse my not having answered your affectionate letter. I can hardly yet realize, my dear Ann, that <u>you</u> are my only sister, and my ever beloved Ben, my <u>only</u> Brother. Alas! how has our family fallen, once so full of people. On the Sabbath it will be two years since our

> Brother Jac died and - but it is too painful to retrace our bereavements since that period. But let me not be ungrateful. Many, many blessings have encompassed me during a long life, and the remnant of my days are sheltered and soothed by affectionate friends who are very dear to me."[29]

She endured the last ten years of her life, in spite of the oppressive loneliness. There were friends to comfort her and many activities to busy her days and always, up to the end, her brother Ben. But even more than all these, there were years and years of the memories of all the things that had been, that never could be again. These became mixed with the elements on August 29, 1869.

CHAPTER IV

"I wish we had a Walter Scott
to immortalize America. I have
no doubt he would be able to
draw as true and as delightful
a set of characters on this side
of the Atlantic as any Celtic
or Norman among them."

Rebecca Gratz to Maria Gist Gratz,
July 10, 1820

* * *

Eighty-seven years is a long time in the life of an individual. It is equally a long period in the life of a new nation. Rebecca Gratz and the United States were born at approximately the same time. The development from infancy to adulthood in the one was paralleled in the amazing advancement and maturation of the other. Historians have given us a record of events, rich and informative, a picture of our nation in its most glorious and most terrible moments. The letters of Rebecca Gratz are more or less a record of the state of mind of an individual caught up in the midst of those events, at times giving them an intimacy which they might not otherwise possess. The letters are therefore revealing in a double sense, for in them history and biography meet, become in fact, intertwined.

We have already had occasion to mention Rebecca's association, during her younger days, with prominent

literary figures.[1] She had become an avid reader and early in her life had developed a taste for the arts. The taste for artistic refinement was often a motivating factor in her thinking about affairs, national or international.

Philadelphia had enjoyed an era of prominence during and following the Revolutionary War, and then it seemed to vegetate in its honor, in the memories of the more glorious past, proud and jealous of its social tradition and often offended by anything that might tamper with it. It is true, it was sensitive about its poor, but persisted in finding them distasteful. Rebecca, as a young woman, possessed a female abhorrence for the unusual or the radical, and judged the events of her time less by their political or economic implications than by the way they suited her refined aesthetic tastes. She was critical of events in the same way she was critical of a new book or a new work of art, and extremely concerned about the matter of dignity whether it was personal or national.

Her love for her family, however, was a factor that interfered with the pure realm of aesthetic judgment, and, when it did, it supplied her with much more cogent reasons for judgment and led her

to think much more deeply about the affairs of state. When, in 1812, young men of the South and West in the halls of Congress became impatient with caution, thinking for a moment that brilliant rhetoric could frighten the British Lion, they threw our country at the teeth of the Lion and then recoiled in fright witnessing the horrible results. By 1814 the British Navy had driven American warships to take cover along the Atlantic seaboard, blockaded the coast for all intents and purposes, and then in August of that year, while Rebecca was lounging at Saratoga Springs[2] had the supreme audacity to march on Washington. With relatively few troops, the British managed to frighten the American opposition and consign the White House to flames. Ben Gratz had been serving as a Lieutenant in the army and until this time Rebecca had been much more concerned about the changing nature of the weather and the physical discomforts of camp life than she had been about the dangers of warfare. Mrs. Meredith, an intimate friend of the family,[3] like many Americans, was opposed to the war and had been viewing it as a farce. Her reaction to the American defeat at Washington was expressed in a letter she wrote to Ben. Her scathing criticism of the army is at once biting and humorous and possessed

with a dash of literary charm.

> "Did you know how devoutly Father Pit extemporise for you on Sunday last, you would feel no apprehension as to your safety, and particularly, if you knew your fast friend Mrs. M. vociferated a hearty amen to his prayer. As we have the promise that the fervent effectual prayer of a righteous man shall avail and as I read of no distinction between the sexes in heaven, I take it for granted my amen assisted his petition at the throne of Grace. I therefore feel persuaded that although you do not return crowned with laurels, yet that you will return before long in health and safety. The British Lion will not terrify you to death should he roar a little, and even shake his tail over you. The spirit of freemen like their Eagle is too soaring to be dismayed or brought down even by a lion's roar. And why? Because, forsooth, when in danger, as the one can take flight, so her sons can take to their heels; and you must allow, Benjamin, that when we Americans fail to conquer we never fail to run. A republican expedient which hitherto has been a strong safeguard to our soldiery though our towns may have suffered for it. But joking apart, for I think the Kennet Square business will turn out a joke, and we shall often laugh together about it, I told Becka [Rebecca] I would write to you by Gratz, as she flattered me by saying it would be pleasing to you to hear from me, as I think it will shew you I do think of my obligations to the valiant heroes who are about to shed their blood in their country's cause; and believe me, Ben, if you fall, it will be a death blow to all my toryism. I have therefore a double motive to wish for your safety, for if I value a virtue I possess, it is the principles which have descended through a long line of ancestry, before our Jim wore a cocked hat or Tom his red --- , before

> Dolly owned a velvet dress or your chief a helmet - therefore tis no wonder I am proud of the possession. My fathers sleep and are at rest, but their good counsel is engraven with the law of God on my heart and must and shall support me through this pilgrimage in spite of wars and tumults, in spite of republican scoffs and ridicules. To write you a letter without a spice of politicks would be as bad as to send you one without a scrap of advice, and though I have confidence my dear little boy in your prudence and integrity, yet a camp is a state of temptation, and, as you are not armed with christian defense against it, you may be lead astray. Beware of the licentious pleasures of a military life. Your hardships are many and your inducements to relaxation numerous. Your indulgence in the one must not be proportioned to your endurance of the other. The care of your health will also require great vigilance and when you reflect upon the anxiety of your family about you in that particular, you will find an additional inducement to be careful of yourself..."[4]

The rout of the American troops at Washington aroused Rebecca out of her lethargy, and the thought that Ben might now be called into battle was frightening to her. She watched, trembling, as vacationers left Saratoga to protect their homes, but for her the war was "unnatural, cruel and unjust," and she insisted in a letter to Ben that were she a man, only in defense of the city of Philadelphia itself would she engage in "this wicked war."[5]

For the first time the war had touched home. Up

to this moment her greatest fear had been that Ben might catch cold, but now it had become much more serious than that. Returning to Philadelphia, she alerted herself to care for his every need, supplying him with clean clothes, encouraging and criticising his conduct as an officer:

> "It is reported you are too strict a disciplinarian. I hope the tale is exaggerated. The society of a camp must be hard enough to all, but an officer may support his own dignity and yet soften the toil of his soldiers by suavity of manners and gentle disposition. He will thereby gain their affection and make all more happy around him. Pardon me, my dear Brother, for this hint. My love for you makes me jealous of everything like censure even on the side of virtue, for perhaps that would be the term an old officer would give to the fault complained of."[6]

Now she felt the horrors of war, untouched by it as Philadelphia was. Ben was writing letters expressing his eager anticipation of an encounter with the enemy. The British were moving toward Baltimore and the citizens of that city were fleeing for their lives:

> "We are not too much delighted with your removal as you seem to be, as we lack the soldier's joy at the thought of a meeting with the enemy, and consider the hardships and dangers of a winter cam-

> paign in tents as formidable, tho' less heroic, than many other situations the evils of war might place you in.
>
> "...What say you to Jo's buffalo skin by way of coverlet to your bed. It will keep you dryer and warmer than the one you have, and I can send it with your next package of clothes which waits your instructions..."[7]

Fortunately, the British plans to win the war were frustrated. Baltimore did not fall to them as they expected, and some time later, while delegates of the New England states were meeting in Hartford talking of secession from the United States, the Treaty of Ghent was signed, hostilities ceased, and both nations were able to return to the conditions that had existed before the war had begun.

This crisis, which found Americans severely divided amongst themselves, was borne by the Gratz's without loss to the business, their Mammoth Cave in Kentucky having been used as a source of saltpeter for the manufacture of gun powder. Fortunately for them too, there was no injury to the family, and the toll the war had taken could be measured only in terms of anxious feelings and frayed nerves.

* * * *

Following the War of 1812 there were deep stirrings in American life. The democratic voice of the West was being heard in Washington. Demands for the extension of democracy were being expressed by a rising labor class. The stolid aristocracy of the East was trembling; for them the era was becoming too crass and vulgar for their sensitive tastes. Cultured people still turned to Europe for their literary pleasures but the nascent American writers were making their influence felt. Some well-read people, like Rebecca Gratz, were wishing that America might have its own Walter Scott[8] and the rising popularity of James Fenimore Cooper seemed to be a response to that wish. Referring to "The Spy", Rebecca expressed the feeling that here was a work "at no great distance from the best novel writing of the present day."[9]

But the engrossing topic of the parlor circle was politics, which, with the passage of time, became more confusing as the sectionalist demands made themselves felt throughout the country. Rebecca's political sympathies never crystallized into a definite or consistent program of thought. When her brother, Ben, became friendly with Henry Clay, she too became his ardent admirer, supporting his

constantly disappointed candidacy for the presidency, and she followed with a sympathetic eye his entire political career.[10] However, her admiration for him was not so blind that she was unable to criticize him. When he duelled with John Randolph following the disputed election of 1824 (when Clay aroused antipathy and was accused of having made a "bad bargain" to keep Jackson out of the presidential office,) Rebecca, in spite of family loyalty, expressed her disapproval:

> "...for the honored secretary [Clay] something better might have been expected than that he should from his elevated station set such an example, breaking the laws of God and his country...O shame, where is thy blush?"[11]

She shared the aristocratic distaste for the backwoodsman, Andrew Jackson, and reported with some glee how he was hanged in effigy in the streets of Philadelphia.[12] Writing to Maria, she said: "I hope the next President we get from the West will do <u>you</u> more honor and <u>us</u> more good."[13]

But there were deeper currents of dissension to disturb Rebecca. The rising Abolitionist movement, which had its origins in the South, had become vocal in the North. As to the actual program of the

movement she never expressed her views conclusively, but there could be no doubt about her opposition to it. She was disturbed and dismayed by the violence which accompanied it:

> "You must think us quite in a state of lawlessness and outrage on this side of the mountains from the account of the riots of violence committed in our cities. It is really disgraceful to one --- peaceful communities that such should occur. I do not know how the misjudging philanthropists can reconcile themselves to the effect they have produced by making the black population obnoxious to their neighbors."[14]

She had little sympathy for these Abolitionists; they were a nuisance, tampering with the tranquility of the nation. There was no expression of sorrow for their misfortunes when she reported the action of a Philadelphia mob:

> "Our city has been disturbed with fires, too, but of a different character. Here the destroying element was kindled by a mob to put down another nuisance - a convention of Abolitionists - a female convention. The immense building put up by their society in 6th Street was demolished in sight of crowds of citizens, and firemen would only work on the adjoining buildings. There never was a more strong expression of public feeling."[15]

The age of Jackson was a turbulent one and there were multitudinous forces at work to keep it exciting.

The struggle over the National Bank, which had begun in Jackson's first administration, had set Nicholas Biddle of Philadelphia against the president and his followers. It was only one manifestation of this turbulent era of American history. The tricky and unscrupulous financial operations engaged in by Biddle, illustrating everything vicious and unsound in banking, were finally revealed to the public eye when the bank was suspended for the second and last time. When it fell, it attempted to carry down with it most of the banks in the country, and financial losses were tremendous. As Albert Gallatin stated: "The mismanagement and gross neglect, which could in a few years devour two-thirds of a capital of thirty-five millions, are incomprehensible and have no parallel in the history of banks."[16] Rebecca gave an interesting description of this culmination of events in her letters to Miriam Cohen:

> "This city has been in a great state of excitement today on account of the suspension of the U.S. Bank. Such calamity is apprehended, such wide spreading ruin to individuals and institutions, that one cannot but feel at every pore for the suffering nation. A wit has said that corporations are bodies with no souls, and I would think the men that compose them are partakers of the same

> nature. They seem to feel so little compunction in destroying each other. From the day the U. S. Bank resumed specie payments until yesterday at three o'clock, such continued heavy drafts were pouring on it from New York and Boston and other places that it is completely done up. So much of Girard's legacy was invested in its stock that the beautiful college will have to remain unfinished and another generation of Orphans be deprived of its benefit."[17]

Normally, her sympathies may have been with Biddle, but too many people were suffering because of him. Even the Orphan Society had had a small investment in his bank and were losers among the others experiencing the throes of a general depression.[18]

> "How are the mighty fallen!" Mr. Biddle's letters do not appear to change public opinion on his character, tho' they involve many others in censure...
>
> "Our orphan society are sufferers by the bank - they own forty shares. But private griefs among widows and orphans are much more deplorable. The Misses Etting are obliged to give up their pleasant hospitable home..."[19]

> "Too truly have her sons disgraced her, and the whole community are suffering. Yet I trust there are enough righteous left to save her from utter condemnation. The name of Biddle is almost a term of reproach."[20]

Class consciousness may have been a constant motivating factor in Rebecca's thinking, detesting the vulgar and the common as she did; but justice and righteousness were virtues which allowed no class division. Democracy, as it was being shaped in America, did not come up to the aesthetic standards cultured people might demand; yet, in spite of this weakness, in her thinking the humblest citizen had to be defended against the encroachments of those more wealthy and powerful than he. This passion for the right could be shaded at times by family interest or by her aristocratic tastes and feelings, but there were, simultaneously, other motivating factors at work. There was national pride to be considered; there was the constant well of deep religious feelings to be drawn from. These were intermixed, creating a love for her country and making her suspicious of anything that tampered with the purity of its democratic traditions, however displeasing to the senses the current manifestations of that tradition had become. Religion, democracy, national pride -- these were the currents flowing through her mind.

* * * * *

When the Native American movement reared its ugly head in the country, seeking the purification of American blood from "foreign stock" that might act as an instrument for the overthrow of the government, there came in its wake a succession of murderous riots.[21] The scene of the beginning of these disturbances was laid in Philadelphia in 1844, where the Catholics (Irish) were singled out by a howling mob. Irish homes were set aflame; Catholic churches were burned, and finally, when the police were unable to handle the situation, martial law was declared. After a brief skirmish between the troops and the mob, the rioting ceased, having lasted almost two months.

Rebecca's reaction to this affair called forth a virulent affirmation of democracy, recognizing as she did what a threat to democracy and to America the perversion of religious freedom could be. America must accord the rich gift of freedom to all, without distinction.

> "...The whole spirit of religion is to make men merciful, humble, and just. If such teaching was preached by the pastors to their own congregations and the charge of others left to their own clergy, God would be better served and human society governed more in accordance with His holy commandments.

> "...Unless the strong arm of power is raised to support the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, securing to every religion the privilege of worshipping God according to her own conscience, America will be no longer the happy asylum of the oppressed and the secure dwelling place of religion."[22]

America was a nation of brothers, an embodiment of the ideal of human brotherhood. There had been times when she feared that this brotherhood might be disrupted, as in 1832 when John C. Calhoun had been agitating for nullification of the so-called tariff of abominations, and South Carolina had passed an ordinance to that effect. The threat that "American blood should be spilt by American hands"[23] had frightened her then. But her concept of brotherhood went beyond the confines of national borders. As she herself expressed it during the Mexican War:

> "Now I wish we may have honorable peace, which suits us better than the most brilliant victory. Somehow I have never been able to separate the idea of human brotherhood with our enemies, so as to rejoice at the multitude of slain and wounded by our success in --- , and the horrors of a battle field rise before me, tho' Spaniards or savage Indians are strewn upon it."[24]

There was a great shock coming, one which it seemed she would be too old to bear. The rumblings of the conflict between North and South, which had been muffled before, gradually rose in intensity. A Civil War was approaching and a woman of seventy-nine years felt that she was to be caught in the midst of it. Friends and relatives were living in North and South, and even in the uncertain border states. She stood aghast as the states of the South began their all too orderly secession from the Union, the Union which she believed must be preserved. But the thought of bloodshed was more than she could endure:

> "My Dear friend, I cannot tell you, with what grief of heart I dwell on the troubles of our beloved country, or how I lament that Georgia the noblest state in the South has so hastily become one of the secederś - my hope of the preservation of the Union never deserted me and I still believe, could the voice of the people be heard, peace and equal laws would be restored under the constitution of the United States. This would be as acceptable to you and our darling Miriam as to ourselves. I do not believe any portion of our country will be as happy divided as they have been together, and the frightful aspect of civil war, into which hot-headed politicians seem to be hurrying, is too appalling to be endured. I am shocked at the part the women of Charleston take in these terrible outbreaks. Can they forget how the women

> of France added to the horrors of the French Revolution? God forbid that a drop of brothers blood should be spilt, and I feel that every American stands in that light to each other. I live in the hope you suggest, that some arrangement may restore us, but I fear there is little comparison between Abraham and Lots position and ours - Abraham was just, noble and faithful, redeemed Lot when in trouble, gave him a choice of position, when he grew too rich and numerous, to dwell near his Uncle, and they parted without a quarrel.
>
> "Give dear love to my precious Miriam. Pardon me for this weak womanish letter and believe me, with sincere affection and esteem."[25]

Now events had carried themselves too far. There was not "wisdom and virtue enough left to effect that blessed end, to 'pour oil on the troubled waters'" and reunite the nation in brotherhood and peace.[26] Rebecca felt impotent, all her years crowded together into this one period of time, and her sorrows multiplied themselves with each succeeding day as she worried for Miriam and her children in Georgia, loyal to the South, and Ben and his family in Kentucky, a border state which after much tumult remained with the Union.[27]

> "My period of usefullness is passing away and yet my dear Miriam I do not feel more

> feeble than when you last saw me; then alas private griefs were all my own, now sorrow on sorrows multiply. The distracted state of our beloved country, the horrors of Civil war, separation from dear friends and multitudes of unknown troubles seem to pour over us in frightful array. It strikes me there is no glory in such a warfare, which ever side succeeds, his brothers fall. I have not yet learned to narrow my patriotism to a single section of my country...May God preserve you and all you love from the terrors of the night and the arrows that flyeth by day."[28]

It was impossible to be completely objective in such a situation. Emotions were involved and were called into play with the reading of daily news reports telling of the progress of the conflict. However much she yearned for peace to come, quickly putting an end to the fratricide, she understood and believed that the Union had to be preserved. But must it cost so much in human lives?

In the late summer of 1861, Ben's youngest son, Cary, was killed fighting with the Union army in Missouri. Her correspondence with Miriam Cohen in Savannah had practically been cut off for all intents and purposes; and yet, in the midst of these anxieties, she was able to muster the necessary strength to write letters of comfort to Ben. Her

resiliency was amazing. On the eve of Rosh Hashanah she wrote Ann Gratz:

> "I can never be sufficiently grateful to you for your affectionate consideration in keeping me informed of my beloved afflicted Brother's condition. I pray most fervently that God will comfort him, and that the efforts of his friends may be successful in obtaining for him the consolation of having the mortal remains of our noble beloved Cary recovered from the fatal battle ground...we have the blessed hope that the eye of God dwells on his resting place and on the great day of resurrection, as foreshown through Ezekiel's vision, the Great God's voice will be heard bidding the dead to arise and the battle field restore to each his just proportion. 'Can these bones live, Thou O Lord God knowest.' How constantly has this solemn revelation dwelt on my mind since our beloved Cary fell, and the difficulty of recovering his body has agitated my thoughts. Would I could aid your pious efforts to soothe my dear Ben's grief. I know he is surrounded by the tenderest of care and has sincere sympathizers in all who approach him. The time will come when the honors due to his noble son will enter into his heart now too full of mourning."[29]

Perhaps Cary's death encouraged her own feelings towards the support of the cause of the Union. In December of 1861 she set the Female Hebrew Benevolent Society to work caring for the destitute families of those men who had been called into military service.[30]

Her age was not to prevent her from being active, and she discovered that she was not as useless as she supposed. She even chaired a meeting called by The Woman's Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission.[31] But with all her activity, her thoughts were continually disturbed:

> "It is hard to reconcile our conflicting feelings when so many with whom we have --- in bonds of love, and are still so dear, entertain opinions in which we cannot sympathize, altho' their destiny seems influenced by them. I thank God that my beloved brother is safe, that his home is safe from assault and the state so dear to him has come out so nobly in the right cause...
>
> "Of our home circle I have not much cheering to relate today. Dear Miriam, too, has everything at stake. Her son probably in the Southern Army, and her husband devouted to its cause. Her letters have hitherto been self-possessed and cheerful, full of love and tender interest for us all...I am sure she will not leave her husband...
>
> "The Major [Mordecai] too, is so changed, so sad and spirit-broken - I think sacrificed to family influence. Yet he is no doubt a sympathizer with the South, tho' too honorable to join in the rebellion."[32]

"There are so many among us who have sympathies with our rebellious countrymen and women that no one who entertains such opinions or feelings are at all embarrassed in expressing them," Rebecca unhappily

noted.[33] The war had succeeded in dividing families for more reasons than just geographical location. Ben's son, Howard, always at odds with his father, announced his loyalty to the South, vexing every member of the family, including Rebecca:

> "It vexes me that Howard should mix with the evil spirits which float about the communities while all he holds dear are dependent on the success of the government. There are many around us also who are very near home, but have not --- to do mischief."[34]

The bitter war raged on and Rebecca lived on to see it end on April 9, 1865. The familiar friends who had become enemies became friends once more, and her last years could be peaceful ones. She watched the nation bind up its wounds and set out on a new era of its development. It was a far different America that she left in 1869, when she died, from the one she had known before. She had lived with it for such a long time, watched it grow and mature. And although her life had been full and rich, she must have given a sigh of deepest regret as she departed, never to see it again.

NOTES

AND

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This work, almost in its entirety, has been based on letters of Rebecca Gratz, photostatic copies of which are to be found in the American Jewish Archives. The originals of the letters used are located in the following places: The American Jewish Historical Society (abbreviated AJHS in the notes), the Library of Congress, (LC), the University of North Carolina Library (NCU), the Pennsylvania Historical Society (PHS), and the New York Historical Society (NYHS). Unless otherwise specified, all letters referred to were written by Rebecca Gratz herself. In notes referring to the originals located in the American Jewish Historical Society, a number has been included which designates the number affixed to the photostatic copies.

NOTES TO INTRODUCTION

1. Charles Beard, Basic History of the United States, pp. 143 ff.
2. Vernon Parrington, Main Currents in American Thought, Vol. 2, p. 186.
3. Washington Irving, Life and Letters, Vol. 2, p. 314.
4. Joseph Dorfman, The Economic Mind in American Civilization, 1606-1865, Vol. 1, pp. 119, 137-140.

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1. Ellis P. Oberholtzer, Philadelphia, The City and Its People, Vol. 2, p. 101.
2. To Maria Fenno, Dec. 14, 1797, LC.
3. Ibid.
4. Ibid.
5. To Maria Fenno, June 5, 1800, LC.
6. To Maria Fenno, Aug. 3, 1800, LC.
7. To Maria Fenno, Aug. 17, 1800, LC.
8. To Maria Fenno, May 17, 1801, LC.
9. To Maria Fenno, Nov. 23, 1800, LC.
10. To Maria Fenno, Sept. 21, 1800, LC.
11. To Maria Fenno, March 24, 1801, LC.
12. To Maria Fenno, June 18, 1801, LC.
13. Gustavus Myers, History of Bigotry in the United States, pp. 115 f.
14. To Mary Elizabeth Fenno, Oct. 11, NYHS.
15. Rollin G. Osterweis, Rebecca Gratz, A Study in Charm, pp. 76-124.
16. To Maria Fenno, May 17, 1801, LC.
17. To Maria Fenno, June 22, 1802, LC.
18. To Maria Fenno, July 7, 1802, LC.
19. To Maria Fenno, July 18, 1802, LC.
20. To Maria Fenno, July 23, 1802, LC.
21. To Maria Fenno Hoffman, Aug. 22, 1802, LC.
22. To Maria Fenno Hoffman, Dec. 27, 1803, LC.
23. Letters of Rebecca Gratz to Maria Fenno Hoffman, AJHS.

24. To Maria Fenno Hoffman, Oct. 7, 1804, LC.

25. To Mary Elizabeth Fenno, Sept. 16, 1804, NYHS.

26. To Mary Elizabeth Fenno, Jan. 18, 1805, NYHS.

NOTES TO CHAPTER II

1. Mrs. G. Meredith to Benjamin Gratz, 1808, #322, AJHS.
2. To Maria Fenno Hoffman, July 27, 1818, AJHS.
3. To Maria Fenno Hoffman, 1819, AJHS.
4. To Maria Fenno Hoffman, Aug. 18, 1812, #50, AJHS.
5. To Maria Gist Gratz, May 1822, #549, AJHS.
6. To Maria Gist Gratz, May 5, #552, AJHS.
7. Thomas Paine, The Age of Reason.
8. To Maria Gist Gratz, July 23, 1826, #551, AJHS.
9. To Maria Gist Gratz, Nov. 18, 1826, #538, AJHS.
10. To Maria Gist Gratz, 1826, #545, AJHS; cf. to Miriam Moses Cohen, April 1, 1838, NCU.
11. To Maria Gist Gratz, Feb. 27, 1825, #576 (in Philipson 72-77) AJHS. Cf. H. Morais, The Jews of Philadelphia, p. 44.
12. To Maria Gist Gratz, Oct. 29, 1828, #642, AJHS.
13. To Maria Gist Gratz, April 18, 1830, #609, AJHS; as to Leeser's subsequent troubles in Mikveh Israel the following letters to Miriam Moses Cohen are instructive:

> "...I think with you that Mr. Leeser may be classed with the most eminent men of his day; indeed I doubt if any could serve us as well. He labors continually for his holy calling. He is the most unselfish person I know, ever seeking out occasions of doing justice and honor to his religion... but with it all he is so imprudent in expressing opinions and has so little courtesy in the manner of giving them that he offends those who have the power to injure him." (April 17, 1850, NCU).

"...With regard to our friend Mr. Leeser, I need not express to you my deep concern, and really know not how to find a remedy because both parties obstinately adhere to their positions. Mr. Leeser has been indiscrete in expressing opinions which have made him enemies, and indiscretion, you know, sometimes does more injury than eminent virtues can repair...

"Your Uncle and his other friends say he would on this occasion have had a much larger vote if he had said nothing offensive to the people who have power to injure, but alas, Mr. Leeser has imprudently offended the pride of many whose self-respect required possessing, and are easily made tools. You remember Boswell tells that Dr. Johnson said to him one day: 'You may call a man a rascal but you must not tell him to blow his nose.' (excuse the vulgarity, but I could not better illustrate the difficulty in question, so many little hard or offensive words have been uttered and repeated, with what additions I know not, in times long passed and now remembered." (NCU)

14. Discourse delivered at dedication of Second Congregational Unitarian Church, New York, 1826, by W. E. Channing, Works, Vol. 3, pp. 197f.

15. To Maria Gist Gratz, May 17, 1835, #529, AJHS.

16. To Miriam Moses Cohen, May 28, 1842, NCU.

17. To Maria Gist Gratz, Oct. 27, #393, AJHS.

18. To Ben Gratz, Jan. 3, 1842, #446, AJHS.

19. To Miriam Moses Cohen, 1842-1862, NCU.

20. To Maria Gist Gratz, June 4, 1840, #511, AJHS.

21. To Miriam Moses Cohen, July 31, 1836, NCU.

22. To Miriam Moses Cohen, Nov. 4, 1838, NCU.

23. To Miriam Moses Cohen, Nov. 1845, NCU.

24. To Miriam Moses Cohen, April 29, 1839, NCU.

25. To Miriam Moses Cohen, Feb. 5, 1841. Cf. Aug. 2, 1840. NCU.

26. To Miriam Moses Cohen, March 29, 1841, NCU.

27. To Miriam Moses Cohen, Sept. 13, 1840, NCU.

28. To Solomon Cohen, Oct. 4, 1840, NCU.

29. Grace Aguilar, Vale of Cedars, pp. V-XII.

30. To Miriam Moses Cohen, Nov. 1845, NCU.

31. To Miriam Moses Cohen, Nov. 17, NCU.

32. To Miriam Moses Cohen, Feb. 2, 1847, NCU.

33. To Miriam Moses Cohen, Oct. 24, 1847, NCU.

34. To Miriam Moses Cohen, Nov. 8, 1847, NCU.

35. Resolution of Philadelphia Orphan Society, Sept. 10, 1869, #358, AJHS.

36. To Maria Gist Gratz, July 16, 1841, #329, AJHS.

37. To Maria Gist Gratz, #353, AJHS.

38. Ibid.

39. Extract from Minutes of Female Hebrew Benevolent Society, Nov. 3, 1869, #367, AJHS; Occident, Vol. 2, p. 456; Vol. 4, p. 442; Vol. 5, p. 460; Vol. 7, p. 475; etc.

40. Occident, Vol. 12, p. 613; cf. letter from "Daughter of Israel," Vol. 8, p. 1.

41. To Miriam Moses Cohen, April 16, 1856, NCU.

42. To Miriam Moses Cohen, May 13, 1857, NCU.

43. Occident, Vol. 23, pp. 79-83.

44. To Miriam Moses Cohen, July 29, 1838, NCU.

45. To Miriam Moses Cohen, Oct. 7, 1838, NCU.

46. To Miriam Moses Cohen, Dec. 14, 1840, NCU.

47. To Miriam Moses Cohen, Feb. 5, 1841, NCU.

48. Occident, Vol. 22, p. 474.

49. Occident, Vol. 23, pp. 79-83.

50. Resolution of Philadelphia Orphan Society, Sept. 10, 1869, #358, AJHS.

51. Extract from Minutes of Female Hebrew Benevolent Society, Nov. 3, 1869, #367, AJHS.

1. To Maria Gist Gratz, Feb. 19, #547, AJHS.
2. To Ben Gratz from Hyman Gratz, Aug. 18, 1826, AJHS.
3. To Maria Gist Gratz, Aug. 6, 1826, #577, AJHS.
4. To Ben Gratz, Mar. 12, 1827, #449, AJHS, The entire issue of the dispute among the Gratz brothers is not mentioned in any of the literature on the family. Both Philipson and Osterweis mention the bankruptcy of the business but those portions of the letters which told of the dispute were omitted by Dr. Philipson in editing them for publication.
5. W. Byers, B. and M. Gratz Papers, p. 276.
6. To Ben Gratz, Mar. 12, 1827, #449, AJHS.
7. To Maria Gist Gratz, Feb. 20, 1820, #546, AJHS.
8. To Maria Gist Gratz, May 26, 1827, #169, AJHS.
9. To Ben Gratz, July 17, 1827, #168, AJHS.
10. Copy in letter to Ben Gratz from Joseph Gratz, April 20, 1828, AJHS.
11. To Ben Gratz, June 29, 1829, AJHS.
12. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., The Age of Jackson, p. 30.
13. To Maria Gist Gratz, July 14, 1828, #543, AJHS.
14. Ibid.
15. Rollin Osterweis, Rebecca Gratz, A Study in Charm, pp. 156ff.
16. To Maria Gist Gratz, July 14, 1828, #543, AJHS.
17. Cf. to Miriam Moses Cohen, Jan. 30, 1839, NCU.
18. To Maria Gist Gratz, July 14, 1828, #543, AJHS.
19. To Maria Gist Gratz, June 28, 1837, #102, AJHS.
20. To Ben Gratz from Joseph Gratz, May 1836, #449, AJHS.

21. To Maria Gist Gratz, Jan. 15, 1837, #195, AJHS; (this section is omitted in Philipson, pp. 229-231.)

22. To Maria Gist Gratz, #391, AJHS.

23. To Maria Gist Gratz, Jan. 9, 1839, #159, AJHS; (omitted in Philipson, pp. 258ff.)

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25. To Maria Gist Gratz, July 21, 1839, #528, AJHS.

26. To Ben Gratz, Nov. 19, 1861, #478, AJHS.

27. To Maria Gist Gratz from Miriam Moses, Jan. 12, 1834, #614, AJHS.

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29. To Ann Shelby Gratz, Dec. 21, 1858, #259, AJHS.

1. Above, pp. 16f.
2. To Ben Gratz, Aug. 28, 1814, #433, AJHS.
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4. To Ben Gratz from Mrs. G. Meredith, Sept. 7, 1814, AJHS.
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6. To Ben Gratz, Sept. 12, 1814, #439, AJHS.
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8. To Maria Gist Gratz, July 10, 1820, #553, AJHS.
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11. To Maria Gist Gratz, April 25, 1826, #545, AJHS.
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17. To Miriam Moses Cohen, Feb. 5, 1841, NCU.
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23. To Maria Gist Gratz, Dec. 18, 1832, #509, AJHS. (In Philipson, p. 166). Cf. Miriam Moses to Maria Gist Gratz, Jan. 1, 1833, # 643, AJHS.

24. To Ann Shelby Gratz, June 19, 1846, #230, AJHS.

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27. To Ann Shelby Gratz, Feb. 26, 1861, #241, AJHS.

28. To Miriam Moses Cohen, April 17, 1861, NCU.

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32. To Ann Shelby Gratz, Feb. 19, 1862, #258, AJHS.

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